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H. J. Ramsbotham

May 17. 1905.

J. B. R.

CARTHUSIAN MEMORIES

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Wm Haig Brown.

CARTHUSIAN MEMORIES

AND OTHER VERSES OF LEISURE

BY

WILLIAM HAIG BROWN, LL.D.

MASTER OF CHARTERHOUSE

HON. FELLOW OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

HON. CANON OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

HEAD MASTER OF CHARTERHOUSE

1863–1897

Non recito quidquam nisi amicis, idque coactus

HORACE

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

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NON RECITO QUIDQUAM NISI AMICIS,
IDQUE COACTUS

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PREFACE

I AM well aware that some of the contents of this little volume are merely fragments which I have found among papers connected with the more serious labours of a busy life, and that many of them are only of interest to those who belong to our Alma Mater, but it has long been my wish to collect the verses written at various times by my father. His many Carthusian friends have so often been kind enough to express interest in these results of their old Headmaster's "banco"-hours, that it is with a sure confidence of their cordial reception that I now venture, with his permission, to publish them. I have purposely omitted those translations which have already appeared in *Sertum Carthusianum*.

EVELYN CŒLIA HAIG BROWN.

MASTER'S LODGE,
CHARTERHOUSE, E.C., *February* 1905.

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OCCASIONAL

TO ROSALIND

Once I asked the whispering wind
If I might not somewhere find
Gentle graces of the mind
In a lovely form combined;
She must be to good inclined,
To no moral beauty blind,
Strict to herself, to others kind;
Thus I had my wish designed
When there came a voice behind,
"Beauty and gentleness combined
Are expressed in Rosalind."

Straight I sought to gain a clue,
Passed at once in quick review
All the Rosalinds I knew,
And this fancy to me flew,
If, R. G. R., as years renew
Their course, you to yourself prove true,
Still closely following Him Who grew
In stature and in wisdom too,
The whispering wind was not untrue,
For then the portrait will be you.

February 14, 1855.

TO ROSALIND

A SINGLE figure told your years
When I began to woo;
That age is doubled, and, dear Rose,
My love is doubled too.

I loved you much for childhood's spring,
Which in your features smiled,
But more because I then could read
The woman in the child.

Still be the promise kept, and still
May each successive hour
Add to the beauty of the bud
The sweetness of the flower.

May 9, 1863.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

E. E. R. AND A. M. R.

'Tis a good old English custom, may we see it flourish long,
When festive times come round again, to greet them with a song:
So let us say a farewell to the twelve months that are gone,
And sing you our good wishes, for the New Year's coming on.

Now first we pray that God may bless, as year on year rolls by,
With still increasing usefulness His servant's ministry:
And may she share the blessing who has laboured by his side
Since five-and-twenty years ago he took her for his bride.

May He, Whose hand has prospered you, look kindly on you still,
And of His bounty deign your cup of happiness to fill:

May children's virtues gladden you throughout life's every stage,
And children's children's smiles light up the evening gloom of age!

So shall each day bring blessing fresh upon the marriage yoke,
Till the silver cord is loosèd and the golden bowl is broke;
And when the soul goes back to God, and the body lies in dust,
There still shall blossom from the sod the memory of the just.

And God Almighty grant to us, to each and every one,
To follow always in the steps of His Incarnate Son;
And give us years of plenty, years of happiness and love,
Till Time below shall change into Eternity above!

December 29, 1856.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Ere yet the joyous feast is done, ere yet has past away
The homely revel that records another wedding day,
We make the offering of our love to those we hold so dear,
And welcome you in simple verse to this our Christmas cheer.

The stream of life is hastening on, the year is ebbing fast,
But happy memories still unite the present with the past;
And bygone joys come thronging back in never-ending train,
Till, gladdened by the bright review, old age grows young again.

May richer blessings still be yours, and pleasures new be given,
Till faith at length is lost in sight, and earth gives place to Heaven;

God grant you many happy days—so prays our
childish choir,
Singing together joyously before the winter fire.

Right merry may we be to-day, for all around is
bright,
And loving hearts and voices in homely joys unite;
And Hope's glad sunshine, greeting us with all its
golden rays,
Shines sweetly on the coming year, and tells of
happy days.

But want at home and war abroad amid our Christ-
mas glee
Still bid us feel for others who are not so blest as we,
And hasten by our prayers the hour when sin and
pain shall cease,
And strife be quelled for ever by the mighty Prince
of Peace.

December 29, 1870.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Once again the closing year
Gathers us in safety here;
And our hearts to Thee we lift,
Source of every perfect gift.

Let Thy favour rest, we pray,
On another wedding day,
And may all Thy favours be
Bonds to bind us fast to Thee.

Forty years have come and gone
Since Thy blessing made them one:
Days of joy and days of sorrow
Yielding to a brighter morrow.

And the days that yet remain
May Thy gracious Word sustain,
Till they all its fulness see
In a glad Eternity.

December 29, 1871.

FOR MEETING OF DR. VAUGHAN'S PUPILS AT CAMBRIDGE

"He went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights to Horeb, the mount of God."

In the days of old the prophet,
Far from all the haunts of men,
Found in rest and lone retirement
Power to toil and work again.

May He, by Whose holy angel
That sustaining food was given,
Send to you the strong refreshment
Of the Bread that comes from Heaven.

So shall you, who bear His banner,
Faith increas'd and strength restor'd,
By the Grace of this Communion
Fight the battle of the Lord.

August 14, 1882.

FOR MEETING OF DR. VAUGHAN'S PUPILS AT CAMBRIDGE

'Tis sweet a brother's face to see,
A friendly hand to press,
To feel the touch of sympathy
In life's unceasing stress.

But sweeter far, 'mid toils and fears,
To know that One above
Bears all our griefs, counts all our tears
With more than brother's love.

September 11, 1888.

GOLDEN WEDDING DAY

Rev. Canon and Mrs. Girdlestone

Fifty years of lives united
Since the wedlock-troth was plighted,
Fifty years of love untroubled,
Sorrows shared and pleasures doubled.

Sons and daughters—happy meeting!—
Bring to you their heartiest greeting:
Children's children's smiling faces
Beam on you with tender graces.

Blessed day! but joys immortal
Are within the heavenly portal!
God of His exhaustless treasure
Grant you bliss that knows no measure.

August 17, 1882.

CENTENARY

The Master and the Treasurer, intent
On offering their congratulations, went
To greet an aged[1] Brother, one whose span
Of life has passed the bounds assigned to man,
One who has spent a century of years
In pilgrim wanderings through this vale of tears,
And still with feeble steps his course pursues,
The Venerable Abbott of Chartreuse—
When all the trials of his journey cease,
Grant him, O Jesu, Thine eternal peace.

February 11, 1898.

[1] Brother Charles Abbott was born February 11, 1798. (Died at Charterhouse, March 13, 1899.)

WELCOME

S. J. S.

Sweet is the memory of those youthful days
When the bright future, blent with golden haze,
Opened new vistas to our wondering eyes,
And filled the soul with dreams of high emprise;
Nor do those fair dreams vanish—evermore
We turn again to scenes beloved of yore,
And find in them fresh impulse, which shall last
Until the "traveller's bourne" be overpast.

Written to welcome the
Rev. S. J. Stone *to Charterhouse,*
February 11, 1899.

MISCELLANEOUS

SONNET FOR THE FLY-LEAF OF "THE EXCURSION"

To this pure fount, whene'er thy soul's athirst
For Castaly's sweet waters, come and drink,
Linger thou not distrustful on the brink,
But kneel on flowers, by the clear margin nurst,
And take thy fill: for scarce e'en he, the first
Who yoked our tongue to numbers, nor the blind
Maeonides of Albion, knew a mind
Richer and purer. Read then, thou who durst,
Spurn puny themes and lightly jingling rhymes
For Truth's unfading beauty—beauty sought
By all the greatest men of greatest times
Adorns this noble verse, whose wond'rous chimes
Can virtue nerve, can quicken fancy's drought,
And pour new vigour through the veins of thought.

1856.

LETTER

WRITTEN FROM PEMBROKE COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE

August 1855

It seems, though I may be mistaken, dear Rose,
That for writing to you verse is better than prose,
And I might give some reasons, but these I withhold,
And would rather they should be imagined than told:
Now what news can a rusty old bachelor tell
Who lives like a hermit shut up in his cell?
What news can he tell that shall fitly employ
One whose face is all smiles, and whose heart is all joy?
Of all things perhaps you would most like to hear
How your dear home and all that is in it appear;
'Tis some days since I saw it, but yet I'll retrace
What I best recollect of the looks of the place.

My journey nigh over the windmill was passed,
And my dog, mare, and I came to Brinkley at last—
There stood the fierce lion with furious stare
As though if a fool-hardy person should dare

To make light of the threats of a lion so grim
That lion would soon make a mince-meat of him.
There was the same village with much the same
people,
The very same church without any steeple ;
Then we came to the garden so gladsome and gay,
But the glories of summer were fading away,
And the roses were drooping : I thought that regret
Had bowed their sweet heads :—Willis said " It's
the wet ; "
And the house—why it seemed every table and
chair
Filled just the same place as when last I was there ;
There were Kitten and Rufus and Mary and Ann,
The old woman Willis and Willis the man ;
But to greet me no kind words of welcome were said,
The body was there but the spirit had fled.
Great efforts your good brother Julian had made
To render things pleasant as long as I stayed,
And succeeded so well that his name in my mind
Is connected with all that's attentive and kind.
The service as usual ; but the music, oh dear !
Was not what I had been accustomed to hear,
For the voices were few, and the singing of those
Made me miss very much the sweet notes of dear
Rose,
And the organ was played by Miss Maulkin, whose
will
Deserves, as I think, greater praise than her skill,
For indeed there was very great cause for alarm
Of a smash in the hundred and thirty-third psalm,

But they went bravely on as if nothing had passed,
And managed somehow to pull through it at last.
In the evening we walked where I had not yet been,
Exploring the regions of Willingham Green.
Then we dined at a very long table, your brother
Sitting perched up at one end and I at the other:
And Julian made tea, but I could not keep
My eyes open two minutes, and went off to sleep.
Next morning to horse and to Cambridge again
Where all arrived safe at a quarter to ten.

TO MY WIFE

I ask not if another own
A statelier form, a fairer face,
Content to find in thee alone
The portraiture of every grace.
Thine are the beauties which defy
All change without the help of art,
Thou hast what rubies cannot buy,
The dowry of a faithful heart.
With the fresh auburn of thy hair
Some silver filaments are twined,
These are sweet traces of the care
For others in thy heart enshrined—
As when the earliest maiden glow
Was kindled by my loving gaze
Such art thou still, and such, I know,
Thou wilt be till the end of days.

1893.

HEXAMETERS RECEIVED ON A POST-CARD

Cui septemdecimum trepidat jam claudere lustrum
Aetas, te viridi florentem aetate saluto.
Olim Carthusianus eram, grateque recordor
Nutricis, quae me docuit componere versus,
Sanus adhuc: utinam sic tu vivas valeasque:
Si verbum irrepsit "quod versu dicere non est"
Aut contra leges peccavi grammaticorum,
O celes culpam, docte Archididascale, ne sim
Ludibrio pueris, neque ceu vocalis arundo
Divulges nugas quas stultus non premit auctor.

Mordaunt Barnard.

REPLY

En te, docte senex, ea, quae puerilibus annis
Carmina erant cordi, priscâ dulcedine captant:
Et lyra grata canit, quae nostris aedibus olim
Insonuit, laudanda tuis, laudanda magistro.
En superest amor ille vetus, qui Carthusianos
Continet unanimos, et certo foedere jungit.

Gratulor aetatem tibi continuare vigorem
Corporis atque animi : nec te volventibus annis
Detrectasse libros nec defecisse Camenis.
Vive, precor, felix, nostri non immemor, usque
Dum serus migres vitaeque laboribus actis
Te Deus Omniparens coeli revocarit in arcem.

December 1879.

EUCLIDIS: LIB. I. PROP. I.
LATINE REDDITA

Euclides dixit: Data linea recta sit A B,
Addendu 'st, cui sint latera aequa, triangulus illi.
A centrum capias, A B distantia fiat,
Describas orbem; tum B rursus cape centrum,
Orbem describas iterum, radio utere B A:
Isti orbes coëunt puncto C, atque secantur:
Adde A C, C B; sic rite triangulus exstat.
Nam quoniam A centrum est orbi, quem nomine dicas
B C G, A B par justa lege fit A C;
Tum B A, B C simili ratione pares sunt;
Quae-que îsdem sunt aequa, eadem sunt aequa sibi ipsis,
Ergo A B, B C, C A discrimine nullo
Inter se distant, structusque triangulus omni
Ex latere est aequus; basis A B linea substat.
Denique habes recte factum, quod erat faciendum.

1879.

THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC

Aries, Bos, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Bilanxque,
Scorpios, Arcitenens, Capricornus, Aquarius, Pisces.

TO A PAIR OF ROBINS

WHO BUILT A NEST IN THE BOOKSHELVES OF
E. L. DAMES' STUDY
IN PAGEITES, CHARTERHOUSE

Why leave the covert of the woodland shade,
And for your promised nestlings build a home
On the stern shelves, where many a weighty tome
Of ancient sage and poet stand arrayed?
By what unwonted confidence betrayed
Dared ye within a schoolboy's haunt to roam,
And there, where bolder creatures would not come,
Ask for your tender brood so strange an aid?
Vain are these questionings—your surest guide
Was Nature's self:—'twas she who bade you find
Within that study's walls a welcome kind,
For well she knew it would not be denied:—
She taught you in its inmate to descry
The evidences of sweet charity.

October 1879.

CHARADES

Crassus.

Primum corvus ait, convolvitur altera cœno ;
Scribe ambo, victus dux sine laude perit.

Æstus.

Hoc homines, illo cœlestia Numina gaudent :
Junxeris : et multa vi furit unda maris.

Mĕlos.

Totum dulce sonat : sapit altera syllaba, necnon
Prima sapit : nomen, si sapis ipse, tenes.

June 1883.

EPITAPH ON "SPOT"

They called thee dumb, but He Who made thee gave
All tones of sympathy from gay to grave,
And placed in every graceful limb a voice
Sorrow to soothe, with gladness to rejoice:
My faithful guard alike by night and day,
Firmly resolv'd to keep all harm away.
With thee in lonesome hours I lov'd to talk,
Thy frolic gambols cheer'd my daily walk!
—'Twas but a dog! Yet love and thoughtful care,
Devotion, truth and duty all were there:
How oft might men, if they had clearer eyes,
See models in the creatures they despise.

August 1883.

EPITAPHS ON "HUGO"

A FAVOURITE DOG BELONGING TO THE REV. DR. PORTER, MASTER OF PETERHOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

So called, after Hugo de Balsham, Founder of the College

Quæ vis cunque cani est, tota in te floruit, Hugo,
Gratia, amor, pietas, intemerata fides.

Thine were the choicest gifts which dogs possess,
Grace, love, devotion, truth and steadfastness.

Hic defossus Hugo canis,
Qui fraude totus caruit,
Et virtutibus humanis
Insignitus claruit.

Hugo, a dog of faultless worth,
Is buried in this spot of earth:
He shone with virtues such as might
A glory be to any wight.

November 1890.

EPITAPH ON "SHOT"

A FOX TERRIER, WHO SHOWED GREAT BRAVERY IN RESISTING AN ATTACK OF BURGLARS

He died aged $12\frac{1}{2}$ *years*

If truth and faithfulness and artless grace
And courage, which would deadly peril face,
Could have availed a terrier's life to save,
Dear Shot had never lain within this grave.

At si vera fides, si morum gratia simplex
Visque animi, nullis praepedienda minis;
Si bona tanta cani possent defendere mortem,
Noster Hylax ista non premeretur humo.

June 1896.

FOR GUEST BOOK AT GLYNWOOD, ATHLONE

Fair, Glynwood, is thy crown of leafy green,
Sweet are thy wavy fields of emerald sheen,
But fairer, sweeter far the love that bade
Four wanderers welcome to thy sylvan shade,
And made thy name a memory of joy
Which distance shall not dim, nor time destroy.

Si je dure cent ans, tous les jours de ma vie
De Glynwood la pensée est à jamais chérie.

οὐδὲν γλύκιὸν ἐστιν εὐφρονος φίλου,
ἔχεις δὲ τέκμαρ τῶνδε τὴν Κοίλην Νάπην.

Curâ solutus et gravi negotio
Hic in quietis sedibus
Interque amœni ruris undantes sinus
Dulcemque amicorum chorum
Vires refeci, tanta, Vallombrosa, habes
Lenimina ægritudinis.

Released from toil and every anxious flurry
Here in a peaceful home, apart from worry,
Surrounded by a sea of rural greenery
And friends, whose kindness much enhanced the scenery,
I gained my strength : for no place can compare to
Glynwood, to cure the ills that flesh is heir to.

September 1887.

TO ETHELBERTA

A DAINTY blossom is the jasmine pale,
The violet is the glory of the vale:
But when kind hands these lovely blooms unite
To bless a sick man's chamber with delight,
Then with a more than earthly glow they shine,
And shed abroad a savour all divine.

Pray, with my gratitude for floral pickings,
Accept my thanks too for the embryo chickens.

February 26, 1888.

A BALLAD OF BROOKE HALL

A.D. 1643

Ere yet the hopes of royal Charles and England's
Church were lost
The Scottish Presbyterian would fain have ruled the
roast,
And Commissioners from Parliament went preaching
up and down
The doctrines of the Covenant in country and in
town.
There was a school by Smithfield Bars, called
Charterhouse by name,
The sixth form by its scholarship had won a wide-
spread fame;
The Roundhead said "Could we compel those
learned lads to sign
The solemn League and Covenant, it would be
wondrous fine."
But Mr. Brooke, the Schoolmaster, was in no wise
content
To frame his rules on the decrees of a rebel
Parliament;
Said he "My boys, if you presume to go against
your Church,
Each mother's son among you shall be punished
with the birch."

Whereat the Parliament was vexed with indignation sore
And vowed that this malignant should be Schoolmaster no more;
They bade him pack his chattels and his birches and his gown
And wander forth a vagrant in the streets of London town.
But Mr. Brooke, though sadly pinched by penury and pain,
Lived on for many a year to see the King come back again,
And when 'twas known His Majesty was to his throne restored
The Schoolmaster once more appeared and claimed his bed and board.
In Charterhouse they furnished him with lodging, meat and beer,
And paid him in good money down some thirty pound a year,
And when he died Carthusians straightway agreed to call
That lodging by the master's name and know it as Brooke Hall.

All honour to the heroes who, according to their light,
Are true to duty's standard and do battle for the right;
With these, despite the roughness of the measures which he took,
We rank that stout Carthusian, the Reverend Mr. Brooke.

December 1892.

AN INVITATION

Shrill blows the wind: thick snowflakes fall,
Storms gather overhead,
And on the parted day the pall
Of sable night is spread:
But social joys and sparkling wine
Will cheer the darkest hours,
And winter's frowning brow entwine
With summer's smiling flowers.
Come—in our revel bear your part,
Join in the merry din;
No outward gloom can cloud the heart,
If sunshine be therein.

For the "Greyfriar."
November 1894.

ON THE NEW COLUMN FOR THE SUN-DIAL

The column, which supports this dial-plate,
Replaced a pillar of an earlier date—
That fell: an infant giant clasped it round
And toppled it in fragments to the ground.
The babe, who Samson's deed would emulate,
By lucky hap avoided Samson's fate
And fled away unscathed, but sore dismayed
At the vast ruin which his hands had made.

The pillar was embraced by a child aged three years, who narrowly escaped serious injury by the fall of the stone.

August 1897.

FOR A BAZAAR HELD IN MANCHESTER

IN AID OF THE ASYLUM FOR THE BLIND AND DEAF AND DUMB

On for the presence, but for one short hour,
Of that divine, that sympathetic Power,
Who on the darkened windows of the soul
Shed heaven's own light and made the sufferer whole,
Who in the pent-up source of hearing found
New channels for the melody of sound :—
He heard full oft and never heard in vain
The cry of human want, of human pain—
His spirit still is with us—He imparts
Strength to our hands and courage to our hearts,
For still we hear His gracious promise—"Ye,
Who do My work for these, do it for Me."

November 1900.

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF A BOUQUET RECEIVED FROM THREE SISTERS

Dear Dorothy, Phœbe and Betty too,
Accept the grateful thanks which are your due
For the sweet gift of flowers you sent to cheer
The opening day of yet another year.
The hyacinth in its dazzling white displayed
The robe of innocence which clothes a maid,
The violet's subtle fragrancy revealed
A worth which modesty had else concealed,
Chrysanthemums with their rich golden bloom
Spoke of the joys which gladden winter's gloom,
And all the flowers, by gentle hands entwined,
Set forth the beauty of a loving mind.

L'Envoi

Take, dears, this tribute of an aged man
And show it such indulgence as you can.

December 4, 1898.

HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT

VERGIL, ÆN. i. 203

ECHOES of joyous feasts—of bygone days—
Each in its distance sweetly musical——
These records shall from year to year recall
Carthusian tributes to our Founder's praise:

But these are more than records. Every page
Tells of a constancy no power can move
And glows with all the fervour of a love
Kindled in boyhood and not dimmed by age.

Written for frontispiece
of Founder's Day Autograph-Book.
1900.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE LADIES' GUILD

OF THE CHARTERHOUSE MISSION

To you, my sisters, you whose constant aid
By skilful hands and generous gifts has made
My task so pleasant, who throughout the year
Have never failed to comfort and to cheer,
I dedicate this record. May it prove
A sweet reminder of those works of love
Which oft have dried a tear or check'd a sigh
By timely help and Christ-like sympathy.

February 1904.

TO MARIQUITA

FOR HER ALBUM

Dear Mariquita, if my skill
Bore due proportion to my will,
I'd write you for your album's proem
A bright and charming picture-poem:
But fourscore years have dulled my wit,
And age has left me all unfit
To make such dainty verse as might
Be pleasing in a lady's sight;
Let me, my want of power confessing,
Give you herewith an old man's blessing.

May 1904.

RECIPE FOR OLD AGE

A DIET temperate and spare,
Freedom from base financial care,
Abundant work and little leisure,
A love of duty more than pleasure,
An even and contented mind
In charity with all mankind;
Some thoughts, too sacred for display
In the broad light of common day,
A peaceful home, a loving wife,
Children, who are a crown of life;
These lengthen out the years of man
Beyond the Psalmist's narrow span.

August 1904.

PROLOGUES

PROLOGUE

KENSINGTON SCHOOL, *July* 1863

A. *on the stage, ready to recite. Enter suddenly* B.

A. WHY, who are *you,* sir? *B.* Prologue. *A.* Prologue here!
Give me some reason why you should appear.
Your visit may be admirably meant,
But, sir, you come without a precedent.
From Adam downwards, as it is averred,
No prologue's voice has on this stage been heard.
B. Adam indeed! Pray what would he have done,
If he had followed precedent alone?
Your own objection fits me with a plea,
Therefore I beg you hear me patiently.
A. Well! may be there's no cause for great alarm,
And if you're not too long, you'll do no harm.
But what have you to tell us? *B.* All the news:
Politics—— *A.* They're not likely to amuse.
B. Instruction, not amusement, is my view,
Humani nihil—— *A.* Latin! that won't do.

B. The foreign news—— *A.* Well, do it if you can,
But, 'faith! I am no Cosmopolitan.
Enough for me that I can claim a part
In every feeling of a Briton's heart.
I love to hear—though many times before
I've heard and read the tale—how the wild roar
Of welcome swell'd when, like a mighty tide,
The nation rose to greet our Prince's bride;
And with what joyous eyes we saw her come
(No stranger—but to bless an English home)
From Gravesend's pier until, as when a ray
Of April sunshine chases showers away,
She brought at last our widow'd Queen relief,
And forced a smile of gladness through her grief;
How the soft beaming of that lovely face,
The maiden, womanly and queenly grace
Made dumbness eloquent, dulness sublime,
And drove some poets into wondrous rhyme.
That's a home story, and though it be told
A thousand times, it never shall grow old.
But what's *your* subject? Let us have it, man!
What does it tell of? China or Japan?
Discourse you of the "brother of the Moon,"
Or some new treachery of the Tycoon?
B. No, none of these; indeed I need not roam
So far as that, there's plenty nearer home.
First then, Imperial France is all awry,
Because the ballot-boxes will not lie,

The opposition candidates get votes,
In spite of Persigny's excited notes ;
So, having failed to rouse the nation's fears,
The baffled minister gives way to *Thiers*.
Next, there's the King of Prussia's new solution
Of the true meaning of a constitution,
And he and Herr von Bismarck seem intent
On governing without a parliament,
But whether this device will answer well
German philosophy perhaps may tell.
Then Poland, stung to vengeance, not in vain
Tugs with wild fierceness at her iron chain ;
And bravely striving to reverse her doom
Calls Kosciusko's spirit from the tomb ;
From Vistula to Dnieper rings the cry
For hearths and homes: "Poland and Liberty!"
America is plunged in deadly war
Against herself divided, but what for?
Is it because there's not enough to do,
They fain would seek a foreign quarrel too?
And all the British navy must be fought
Because the Alabama won't be caught!

A. It's rather dull with these historic rhymes,
And every one has read it in the *Times*.

B. So you don't like my prologue? Let me see
What is *your* notion how the thing should be.

A. If that's your wish, I will, as best I can,
For future guidance sketch you out a plan.
On learning's score, in grand review I'd pass
The Cambridge tripos and the Oxford class :

Evett and Alison I'd name with praise
(Theirs are our freshest academic bays),
I'd tell how Woolwich reckons more than one
Of hopeful engineers from Kensington:
How Sandhurst counts more than a single name
Of our aspirants for a soldier's fame:
That the school prospers, as it did of yore,
In mathematic skill and classic lore.
I'd compliment the masters, praise the boys,
Tell of school labours, or of playground joys:
Fawcett should claim a loving notice here,
Evans a tribute, like himself, sincere,
I'd give "God speed" to all who go away,
And wish prosperity to those who stay.
And then I'd tell what crowds the races drew,
How gay the scene with shades of every hue:
And how they ran and jumped and threw the ball,
How well they wrestled, and who won the fall;
Who was the best in play of cunning fence,
And single-stick, hard knocks without pretence.
How many a hero honours bore away,
And Walker was the champion of the day:
Then how they hail'd him winner of the prize,
Or beam'd approval from a thousand eyes,
And Herbert[1] served out ices on the green,
Two thousand and five hundred and thirteen,
In ninety minutes—or at least he sent
To the *Times* paper an advertisement
In which he says so—I believe it too,

[1] The confectioner.

Because advertisements are always true.
I'd tell of cricket—how the brave eleven
Nine matches played, and out of nine won seven,
And that this same eleven did contrive
To beat "Old Kensington" by seventy-five:
How Captain Macintosh his forces led,
How the recruits and how the veterans sped.

B. Good, very good: but yet when I rehearse,
I'll choose a grander subject for my verse.

A. Scorn not such triumphs—He, who deftly wields
The bat, may conquer yet on other fields.
The boy, who guards his wicket well, may show
A good defence against his country's foe,
Or hence may learn, whate'er in life his part,
To play it with a brave and constant heart.
But come, we must no longer time engage,
For Æschylus and Shakspeare claim the stage.

[*Exeunt.*

PROLOGUE

School Theatricals, *December* 1868

Once more we bid you welcome—for the stage
Within these walls, the home of youth and age,
Is now set up once more, that we may try
To wile away an evening pleasantly.

The *bill*,[1] our promissory note of hand,
First shows a bond for payment on demand;
That bill, we hope, shall duly honoured be,
Indeed we're not a bubble company
With no effects; but honest men and true
Who meet acceptances when they are due.
In the next piece[2] a tiger from Bengal,
Newly imported, shall your hearts appal,
But, Ladies, do not take too great alarm,
His roar is warranted to do no harm,
For though his voice is terrible and full,
He is a most innocuous British Bull.
So we present to you, with this apology,
The "Tigris" of Carthusian zoology.

Names of Plays:

[1] "Payable on Demand." [2] A "Bengal Tiger."

Now, if our youthful efforts shall to-day
No triumph of the scenic art display,
Yet would we your indulgent favour claim
At least for the success at which we aim ;
As Ovid warns you, don't be too exacting,
In great attempts the will supplies the acting.

PROLOGUE

School Theatricals, *December* 1869

When Macedonian "Philip's warlike son"
Had through his wild career of conquest run,
He wept to think that all his wars were o'er,
And sighed to be a conqueror once more.
O, had the monarch found a nobler aim
And worked for lasting love, not fleeting fame,
Undying triumphs would have crowned his days
And won him more than Alexander's bays.
This lesson, drawn from history's classic page,
We illustrate upon our humbler stage,
We show (if we can fairly play our parts)
How helping hands[1] are nerv'd by loving hearts.
No grand array we make, no court parade,
Our scene is in a pauper garret laid,
And more, to point our moral, we employ
Not a great monarch, but a workhouse boy.
For nature's kindred touch together brings
Untutor'd shoeblacks and victorious kings.
Our theme is fitting:—Here, in days gone by,
The cloister'd votaries of Charity

[1] Name of play: "Helping Hands."

Shed holy comfort on the dying bed,
And wrought the last sad office for the dead.
But all this past away: Then Sutton came,
And added to these walls his honour'd name:
So, as old things are turn'd to uses new,
Carthusian brethren stood for Frères Chartreux:
Here, at his bidding, started into life
A home of youth, with stores of learning rife:—
Here liberty, controll'd by order's rule,
Maintains the glory of a Public School.
What though we seek "fresh woods and pastures new,"
A brilliant radiance gilds the backward view,
And a bright future, full of richer hope,
Gladdens the promise of our horoscope.
Yes! our new home shall stand, as this has stood,
Strong in its bond of love,—Carthusian brotherhood.

But to our promised play: We strive to please,
And where our efforts prosper, give to these
Your meed of praise: whatever faults you see,
We pray you, cover them with Charity.

PROLOGUE

THEATRICALS, CHARTERHOUSE, LONDON, E.C.

1872

Is it a time to tread the comic stage
When anxious thoughts Carthusian hearts engage?
Dare we in mirth and laughter say farewell
To the familiar haunts we love so well?
Were it not better far in gloom and tears
To break the spell of five times fifty years?
Yes—if we broke the spell—but who shall say
The former glory is to pass away?
For, till the brightness of its honour wanes,
Here or elsewhere, "Old Charterhouse" remains:
No change of time or scene, whate'er it be,
Can blot the pages of its history,
Or part us from the great Carthusian throng
Of men renowned in arms, in arts, in song:
Their fame, the legacy of many an age,
To us descends, a lawful heritage;
These are the hallowed memories that remain
Our unity unbroken to maintain—
Past, present, future, one continuous chain.
Nor these alone are precious: many a name
To friendship dear, though yet unknown to fame,

Lives on our walls; and you, whose thoughts are rife
With sweet remembrances of schoolboy life,
May read hereafter on the chiselled stone
That Charterhouse still claims you for her own,
As a fond mother keeps with jealous care
The memory of her children everywhere.
These monuments shall other walls adorn,
And stimulate Carthusians yet unborn;
There shall we hallow what is sacred here,
And all we cherish now shall then be dear:
So great Æneas in the days of yore
Brought his best treasures to a happier shore,
Laid the foundations of a nobler home,
And from Troy's ashes raised imperial Rome.
Nor, Sutton, shall thy sons less loyal prove,
Or more unmindful of thy work of love,
Because they quit the spot that was thine own
To plant thy School in fields to thee unknown;
Thy wisdom, which its future needs foresaw,
Cramped not its infant growth by iron law:
Thou wast no bigot foe to needful change;
'Twas thine to give that others might arrange,
And for successive generations raise
An ever fresh memorial to thy praise.
What, though thine ashes rest not in our home?
What, though we know no more our Founder's tomb?
Thy better self in spirit shall be near
To animate the hearts that hold thee dear.
So shall the School, which erst thy bounty made,
Still fondly recognise thy loving aid,

And flourish still, another yet the same,
A lasting monument of Sutton's name.
  Such happy presage fills our thoughts to-day,
Hope, all triumphant, chases fear away,
And gives us courage to present our play;
Receive it with such favour as you may.

EPILOGUE

Old Carthusian Theatricals

November 26 and 27, 1880

From days of yore, when Thespis in a cart
Made his first essay of dramatic art,
Revealing to a yet unletter'd age
The dawning glory of the Attic stage,
Down to these later times when Nathan lends
Embellishment to histrionic friends,
When brothers bring experience and goodwill
To lead the "Pleiads" of Carthusian skill,
And to make brightness more intensely bright
And fill quite full the measure of delight,
Evoke once more the sweet and silvery tone
Of rippling laughter, and the grace which shone
Upon the stage with a too transient gleam,
In pathos and in mirth alike supreme:[1]
In every time, uncultur'd and refined,
The actor's art has found, and yet will find
A friendly welcome. Say on what pretence
Could we persuade ourselves to spurn it hence,

[1] Mrs. Clay (Rosina Vokes) took the ladies' parts in the three pieces.

Where in one home Science and Art combine,
And every Muse is honour'd with a shrine;
Where learning's votaries, following highest aims,
Can take a vigorous part in manly games;
Where mind and body, in complete accord,
Each to the other needful strength afford?
But on this subject we must not dilate—
'Tis better suited for the next debate.
Carthusians,[1] old and present, may we say
That you have found enjoyment in our play
Upon this classic ground, whether the scene
Be in "the barn" or on the football green?
For you "most reverend Signiors"[2] of the town,
Grave wearers of the Aldermanic gown,
We have attempted—has it been in vain?—
Your minds to please and your applause to gain:
And Ladies, last not least, the crown and grace
Of this fair concourse, if with smiling face
You meet our efforts, then in your regard
Of favour we shall have our full reward:
Now Epilogue and actors all unite
In wishing you Good-night, Good-night, Good-night.

[1] Old Carthusian football match was played on November 27.

[2] The Mayor and Aldermen of Godalming were invited to the entertainment.

PROLOGUE

Old Carthusian Theatricals

October 24, 1885

Dear are the memories of early years
When hope prevail'd triumphant over fears,
And joy, like sunshine on an April day,
Smil'd through our griefs and chas'd the clouds
away.
Such happy recollections we renew,
Brother Carthusians, when we look on you,
For whom we come, at this maturer age,
To play our parts upon your household stage:
And, while by active sympathy we prove
The strength and firmness of Carthusian love,
We cheat the record of the bygone time
And taste again the sweets of boyhood's prime:
For, doubt it not, in all that moves your heart
To joy or grief, we too would claim a part;
With you we sorrow'd when the Arab spear
Struck down young Atherton [1] in mid career;

[1] Major Atherton was killed in action at Abu Klea, January 17, 1885.

When Alma Mater with its noblest bays
Crown'd Sheppard's [1] brow, we seemed to share
the praise;
And when a Webster's [2] learning wins a place
In Royal Council, we his triumph grace.
Nor only for the deeds of highest fame
We own the spell of the Carthusian name,
We tell how Marylebone was forced to yield
To you the honours of the Cricket Field,
We triumphed when you prov'd to Wellington
That games are never lost till they are won;
We clapp'd at Westminter, when stumps went down
Before the conquering arm of Wreford Brown;
And in these lighter hours of restful ease
We find our pleasure if we can but please,
Though envious Time may do the worst it can,
It yet shall leave the boyhood in the man,
Nor ever loose those dear and potent ties
Which bind us fast to youthful memories,
And keep us all, through fortune good and ill,
Whatever may betide, Carthusian still.

[1] W. F. Sheppard, Senior Wrangler 1884.

[2] Sir Richard Webster (now Lord Chief-Justice of England), appointed Attorney-General 1885.

PROLOGUE

Old Carthusian Theatricals

December 1, 1888

Brother Carthusians, again we come
To taste the freshness of our boyhood's home,
To call up many an old familiar scene
Enacted in the Class Room or on Green,
And see while we survey you from the stage
The very picture of our tenderer age.
  Dear are those memories of earlier life,
For oft amid the struggle and the strife
Sweetly they breathe refreshment as they bring
The wafted odours of a fragrant spring.
One speaks of Charterhouse, that potent word
Wakes in our hearts a sympathetic chord,
Then rising to a diapason strain
The music of old times is heard again
As it re-echoes here from day to day
The hum of learning and the shout of play:
We con once more the list of well-known names,
Heads of the School, or heroes in the games,
Till all the golden gleam of youthful prime
Shines on the cares and toils of manhood's time.

Full well we know how strong the bonds that tie
Our hearts and yours in mutual sympathy;
Encourged by that thought we cannot fear
That we shall fail to entertain you here.
If aught be good in all that we advance,
Your kindliness that goodness will enhance,
And you will look with an indulgent eye
On faults which sterner critics might decry.

Still there remains for me one grateful task:
Though the request be needless, let me ask
A hearty tribute of your thanks to-day
To the fair ladies who adorn our play,
Whose graceful presence and artistic skill
Supply a void which nothing else could fill,
And make our cast—whate'er we men may do—
Worthy alike of Charterhouse and you.

PROLOGUE

Old Carthusian Theatricals

November 28, 1891

Whene'er amid the haunts of busy men
We turn to these refreshing scenes again,
Whether it be what time the Summer sheen
Floods with a golden light the Cricket Green,
Or when in Autumn's soberer tints of grey
We long to join in football's mimic fray,
When tempted to enjoy in Surrey fields
Prospects, the loveliest that Nature yields,
We know that always there awaits us here
A welcome, pleasant as it is sincere.
Armed with this confidence, we come to-day,
Sure of your favour, to present our play,
And stand before you in this noble hall
Responding cheerfully to Allan's call—
Allan, well known upon our household stage
Alike in manhood and in tender age,
Fit leader to suggest what skill can do,
And patient perseverance carry through;
A master in his art, and, what is more,
A true Carthusian to the very core.

Brother Carthusians, it shall be our aim
To keep the record of a famous name,
And prove in this—as in whate'er we do—
Worthy of Charterhouse, ourselves and you.
But stay—the ladies—whose entrancing art
Will grace and beauty to our play impart;
Alas! a stern and tyrannous decree
Excludes them *now* from our fraternity.
In days to come—when women's rights are won—
They shall be Old Carthusians, every one,
And, added to our roll of fame, shall crown
The brow of Sutton with a new renown.
Now raise the curtain—when our parts are played,
Say if we keep the promise we have made.

PROLOGUE

Old Carthusian Theatricals

November 26, 1892

Turn your thoughts backward over twenty years
To days, in which with mingled hopes and fears,
As strangers to the spire-crowned hill we came
And honoured it with the Carthusian name:
'Twas a new home we sought, and yet there shone
An ancient glory on the fresh-hewn stone,
While memories of the past,[1] where'er we trod,
Were firmly rooted in the unknown sod;
And deeply cherish'd records[2] lay around
To tell us that we stood on hallow'd ground.
Thus by the power of love the spot became
Another Charterhouse and yet the same:
The same, for here in all its force survives
The influence which ennobles English lives;
All that is honest, all that is true and good
Still finds a welcome in our brotherhood;
And many a bright example bids us see
That, what our best have been, we too may be.

[1] "Saunderites," "Gown Boys," "Verites," "Crown," "Upper Green," "Under Green," &c.

[2] The stones with inscribed names were lying in cloisters.

Here learning's champions with eager strain
A valiant struggle in the race maintain,
And in mid course pass on from hand to hand
With sure succession the undying brand : [1]
Here flourish still our well-lov'd games, design'd
To brace the limbs and discipline the mind ;
Witness the brilliant skill, which all confess,
And gentle manliness of G. O. S.[2]
Nor would we grudgingly our praise bestow
On those to whom we other trophies owe,
On those who held their own in Bisley's field
And quadrupled the conquest of the shield.[3]
Last, but not least, our household stage displays
The scenic talent of the bygone days,
When first "The Critic" [4] on our boards appeared
To soothe the parting from a home endeared
By many a sweet tradition, many a store
Of modern incident and ancient lore.
But ah ! what retrospect was ever yet
Exempt from claims of sorrow and regret ?
Where are the fellows who that distant day
Put all their boyish hearts into our play ?
Many there be who, scattered wide and far,
Maintain their country's cause in peace or war
Some at the bar and some in physic shine,
Some wear the cassock of the grave divine ;

[1] λαμπάδια ἔχοντες διαδώσουσιν ἀλλήλοις.—*Plato.*

[2] G. O. Smith.

[3] The Ashburton Shield, won 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892.

[4] "The Critic" was played in "Big School" in London, May 1872, just before the removal.

Some train the youthful mind, and more than one
Bestow their labours on a "totherun";
For some the turmoil of the world is o'er,
"In pace requiescant" evermore.
But foremost in the list one honour'd name [1]
Stands out, a debt of gratitude to claim—
Allan, what meed of thanks to you we owe
Carthusians, young and old, alone can know:
'Tis yours, my brothers, freely to express
Those thanks with all your wonted heartiness,
And as a worthy pendant add to that:
"Carthusiana domus floreat."

[1] C. G. Allan has rendered valuable service in all Carthusian Theatricals since 1866.

PROLOGUE

Old Carthusian Theatricals

November 14, 1896

There are times when refreshment and solace we find
In recalling the days we have left far behind,
And the sweetest of memories starts into view
When, Brother Carthusians, we look upon you;
For in the bright faces which gladden the scene
We see the young image of what we have been.
But not only now with fond pleasure we dwell
On the dear old foundation we all love so well,
For in all things Carthusian we too claim a part,
And all that moves you has a place in our heart:
We are touch'd by the stories of prowess we hear
From Ashanti, Mashona, and Tel-el-Kebir,
And wherever great deeds by Carthusians are done
We take a just pride in the laurels they've won;—
Our watchword is "thorough" in all we essay
In sport or in earnest, in business or play;
Whate'er be the match no opponent we fear
In the manly old pastimes to Englishmen dear:

At Lord's, when the chances of Oxford seem'd o'er,
We cheered G. O. Smith [1] as he piled up the score
And inflicted by batting so vigorous, so true,
A historic defeat on the rival light blue:
When by Isis or Granta our scholars are known
We rejoice in their triumphs and count them our own:
At Bisley our hopes hover over the field,
And we join in the shouting which welcomes the shield:
In football we joyfully hail your success,
When G. O.'s [2] fair record is kept by G. S.[3]

But enough of these musings—We purpose to-day
To find you amusement by acting a play:
The plot is quite simple—each scene will unfold
In successive dénouements the story that's told,
And to win your approval what more do we need
Than a cast of O. C.'s with Mackinnon to lead.

Two sentiments yet—ere we open the scene—
"Three cheers for the Domus," and "God save the Queen."

[1] G. O. Smith made 132 in the fourth innings of the University match, 1896.
[2] G. O. Smith. [3] G. S. Smith.

PROLOGUE

Old Carthusian Theatricals

1897

"Apollo did not always bend the bow"
(So sang the Roman poet long ago),
Nor did he ceaselessly at Delphi's shrine
Puzzle mankind with oracles divine,
Nor practise all day long the tuneful lyre,
Kindling upon its strings poetic fire;
But ofttimes would he seize a happy chance
To join the Muses in the mazy dance,
And seek in such diversion to repair
The wasteful ravages of serious care.
So you, who all your graver hours engage
In close attention to the classic page;
You, who with thoughtful meditation pry
Into the mysteries of x and y;
You, who with patience of research explore
The hidden depths of scientific lore,
May in our efforts to amuse you find
Some relaxation for the labour'd mind.
We, as we gaze once more with love intent
On the dear scenes in which our youth was spent,

And see those faces bright with ruddy glow,
Such as our own were, years and years ago,
Forget the labours and the cares of men,
And into boyhood dream ourselves again :
  These are the sentiments which move our hearts
And give us courage to perform our parts,
With full persuasion that we shall succeed
In pleasing, for Mackinnon takes the lead.
  Yet have we one word more: we fain would own
Man's imperfection when he stands alone,
And ask your thanks for those whose graceful skill
Our masculine shortcomings will fulfil,
And lend to the best effort of our art
The subtle charm they only can impart.
  Brother Carthusians, we commend our play
To your indulgence, and devoutly pray
That blessings manifold may be in store
For Charterhouse henceforth and evermore.

EPILOGUE

Old Carthusian Theatricals

November 13, 1897

But yet before we finish we would send
A greeting to a tried and valued friend,
One who 'mid all the cares of life's employ
Has kept undimmed the brightness of the boy,
And brought, our scenic efforts to improve,
An artist's power and a Carthusian's love.
Allan, we thank you! What the debt we owe
For kindly services they only know,
They only, who with flight of memory free
Traverse three decades of our history;—
But all admire the thought, the care, the skill,
The genial presence and the right goodwill
Which strength infuse and confidence impart,
And leave a lasting impress on the heart.

PROLOGUE

THEATRICALS AT CHARTERHOUSE

April 4, 1891

You who have witnessed Irving's tragic grace
And seen the mimic play of Grossmith's face,
Whose memories Brandram's silvery notes retain,
Who in these walls have welcomed Corney Grain,
Deal leniently with our humble art,
Let kindness in your judgment bear a part.
To great dramatic skill we make no claim,
To please you for an hour is all our aim;
And if the will be taken for the deed
By you, Carthusians, then we must succeed.

PROLOGUE

St. Thomas's Hospital—Elizabeth Ward

December 30, 1891

Mindful of Him, who at this season brings
Peace and goodwill with healing in His wings,
We come, His faithful followers, to shed
A ray of gladness on the sufferer's bed,
And with our humble powers to entertain
The tedious hours of sickness and of pain;
To cheer your hearts with eloquence sublime
Of noble music and instructive rhyme.
Perchance we may imprint on memory's page
Some thrilling harmony, some precept sage,
Such that at Christmas-tide, in years to come,
When gathered round the cheery fire at home,
You fondly may remember it, and say,
We heard it first on a December day
At the great house, where science fights with death,
St. Thomas's, in Ward Elizabeth.

PROLOGUE FOR THEATRICALS

GIVEN AT RED CROSS HALL, SOUTHWARK, FOR THE CHARTERHOUSE MISSION

January 16, 1892

IN the bright summer time your children come
To find a welcome in our rural home,
And spend amid green fields a happy day
In youthful gambols and in healthy play:
When the earth saddens under winter's frown
We come to greet you in the crowded town,
And for the elders of our mission find
Something to exercise the eye and mind,
And represent in pictures drawn from life
A well-known incident of household strife,
Showing with truth, which shall not be unkind,
Some of the lighter follies of mankind—
And may this evening's entertainment prove
Some slight addition to the work of love
Which, day by day, by earnest workers done,
Joins Charterhouse and Tabard Street in one.

PROLOGUE

St. Thomas's Hospital—Alexandra Ward

January 8, 1894

Ere the sweet music of the Christmas bells
Has ceased, while still their lingering echo tells
To every toil-worn child of earth again
The heavenly message of Goodwill to men,
We would for you endeavour to recall
The joy, which crowns our Christian festival,
And bring to those, who here in sickness lie,
An offering of song and minstrelsy,
Content with our reward if we impart
Some touch of gladness to a sufferer's heart,
Or lighten with a gay melodious strain
A tedious hour of weariness and pain,
And thus by humble effort aid the skill
Which solaces the needs of human ill.

Perhaps in happy hours, in days to come,
'Mid the surroundings of a cheerful home,
You may, with health and strength restored, delight
To hum a tune sung on this winter's night,
And say how in this ward you heard the same,
The ward renowned by Alexandra's name.

PROLOGUE

THEATRICALS AT CHARTERHOUSE

February 3, 1894

YET once again with confidence we ask
Indulgence for a self-appointed task,
And claim your sympathy ere we essay
To cheer a winter's eve, as best we may,
By simple scenes and situations rife
With incidents derived from daily life:
What though our plays, mere "trifles light as air,"
Cannot with classic specimens compare?
What though our actors on this household stage
May fall below the standard of the age?
These faults you must not too minutely scan,
Take us for what we are and what we can:
Our purpose is to please you, let the will
Atone for all shortcomings of our skill;
We will endeavour to achieve the best,
Carthusian kindness must supply the rest.

PROLOGUE

ROYAL MASONIC BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION

January 4, 1899

WHATEVER ills of trouble, pain or age,
Beset the roads of earthly pilgrimage,
Care finds a solace, sorrow a relief,
When lovingkindness ministers to grief;
And when the Sun of Happiness displays
His welcome beams, illumining our days,
The secret charm of Brotherhood employs
His subtle force to double all our joys:
Such is the Mason's creed: these thoughts suggest
Our presence here and bid us do our best
To shed a ray of innocent delight
On the cold darkness of a winter's night:
Ask not for excellence, but let our parts
Be judged not by our powers, but by our hearts:
And if the critic's penetrating eye
In our interpretation faults descry,
Pass them indulgently, and let the will
Be an apology for want of skill.

"Dearest Mamma" explains a source of strife
Which sometimes rises in domestic life:
Our other piece is simple, as you'll see—
Its name don't matter much—"Leave it to me."

PROLOGUE

THEATRICALS IN AID OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' FAMILIES ASSOCIATION, CHARTERHOUSE, *January* 1902

WITHIN these walls, by Sutton's[1] noble mind,
For generous hospitality designed,
Walls, which of old[2] witnessed the ready zeal
That spread for pious guests the frugal meal,
Then, sacrificed to Henry's[3] harsh decree,
Saw the display of Norfolk's[4] pageantry,
We greet you, you who take an active part
In the deep sympathies which touch our heart
For England's soldiers, who have bravely left
Homes, of the bread-winners' support bereft,

[1] This Hall has been the dining-room of Sutton's foundation in Charterhouse since A.D. 1614.

[2] From about 1500 to 1535 it was the "Guesten-Hall," used for the entertainment of those guests who retired temporarily into the Monastery for religious retreat. Among them are reckoned Sir Thomas More and Dean Colet.

[3] The dissolution of the Monastery occurred in 1535.

[4] In 1565 the Duke of Norfolk purchased the site from Lord North. This room, enlarged and beautified by the Duke, became the Banqueting Hall of the Palace which he occupied here. Since 1572 it has undergone no alteration except that a boarded floor has been substituted for the stone paving.

To fight our battles and maintain the cause
Of British Empire and of Freedom's laws.
To us they look their loved ones to sustain,
Such an appeal cannot be made in vain.

Deem us not thoughtless, if we would beguile
Your leisure moments with a harmless smile;
If, while we list each thunderclap of war
Pealing across the ocean from afar,
We try, amid the clash of hostile arms,
To snatch a moment's respite from alarms.
Life is a puzzling medley: hopes and fears
Alternate reign triumphant, smiles and tears:
And even amid the antics of the stage
Grave cares and anxious thoughts our minds engage;
For ever and anon our memories rove,
Swayed by the magnet of a patriot's love,
To those brave warriors who in deadly fight
Champion the cause of England and of right,
To those who when the storms of leaden hail
Shatter around them waver not nor quail,
To those whom sacred Duty called to die
In the front ranks of British chivalry,
Though on the barren veldt their bodies claim
Only a soldier's grave, their deathless fame
Lives in our hearts and adds by fresh renown
Another laurel to our Country's crown.

Thus duly prefaced we present our play
With mingled meditations, grave and gay,
Receive it with such favour as you may.

SCHOOL SONGS

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

Carmen

Unum concentum tollite
Læto, sodales, sono ;
Et vota Christo fundite
Nostræ domus patrono.

Nostro favete carmini,
Amici, quotquot estis,
Quos cura tangit Hospiti
Cæruleæque vestis.

Ut per priora sæcula,
Sic tempus in futurum,
Det fausta Deus omnia
Et Ipsum adjuturum.

Ne noceat concordiæ
Contentio proterva,
Neu tabes obsit corpori
Neu febrium caterva.

Mores honesti suppetant,
Et utilis doctrina,
Et litterarum gloria,
Et recta disciplina.

Ludi viriles floreant,
Qui præbeant salutem
Fraterna per certamina
Et nutriant virtutem.

Sit indies felicior
Vigore domus verno ;
Et floreat, ut floruit,
Honore sempiterno.

For the girls' school, these lines are used instead of verse 6—

Artes palæstræ floreant,
Quæ per gratum laborem
Et robur addunt corpori
Et robori decorem.

1889.

SCHOOL SONG—CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

I

In the far distant days when the Tudor bore sway,
And a dead past in ruins was crumbling away,
Rose the home of the Blue, as the Phœnix of old,
From the funeral ashes ere yet they were cold.

Like a well nourish'd sapling, as seasons rolled by,
It struck its roots deeper, its summit rose high,
Till the good seed once planted at Edward's command
With wide-spreading branches o'er-shadowed the land.

And for ages on ages that bountiful shade
Has faithfully nurtured the youth and the maid,
Till their sinews were strong for the toil of the strife,
And their courage was high for the battle of life;

And there too in lavish profusion unrolled
Goodly treasures of learning, more precious than gold,
Have lured on the student to win him a name
And to gain him a niche in the Temple of Fame.

But though proudly we reckon our brothers among
Men foremost in arms, and in arts and in song,
Yet a far better boast in the thousands we find,
Who have done honest service for God and mankind.

Then all honour to Edward, the King and the boy,
He has earned him a glory no time can destroy;
Let us circle his brow with a wreath all his own,
A garland more splendid than conqueror's crown.

Hurrah for the Blue! 'tis the ensign of youth,
'Tis the symbol of hope, 'tis the emblem of truth,
And may we, one and all, to our colour be true,
And maintain still untarnished the fame of the Blue.

1889.

II

ἐν ταῖς πρὶν ἡμέραισιν
ἐπὶ Τουδόρων ἀνάκτων
τὰ μὲν παλαί' ὄλωλε
ἐρειπίοις ἀμυδροῖς·
Κυανοστόλων δὲ δῶμα
ἐκ τῆς σποδοῦ γενηθὲν
Φοίνιξ ὁποῖα τέφρας
θερμῆς ἔτ' ἐξανέστη.

ὡς δ' εὐθαλές τι δένδρον,
κυκλουμένας καθ' ὥρας
τὴν ῥίζαν ἐξέτεινε,
τὸν κρᾶτα δ' ὀρθὸν ἦρε.
νῦν δ' αὖ τὸ πρὶν φυτευθὲν
ἄνακτος ἐντολαῖσι
τὴν γῆν ἐπισκιάζει
πτόρθοισιν εὐφόροισιν.

ἔτη δ' ἀνηρίθμητα
ὑπὸ σκιᾷ πλατείᾳ
πιστῶς νέους ἀτάλλει
κούρους τε παρθένους τε,

ἔστ' ἂν παγῇ τὸ σῶμα
καὶ θυμὸς ἐγγένηται
τλῆναι βίον πονηρὸν
μάχας τ' ἔσαντ' ἰδέσθαι.

εἰκῇ δ' ἀναπτυγέντα
τὰ κτήματ' αἰὲν ὄντα
σοφῶν τε καὶ φρονούντων
ὑπερφέροντα χρυσοῦ
τοὺς μὲν νέους ἐφορμᾷ
τἄριστ' ἀεὶ φέρεσθαι,
γεραιτέρους δ' ἔνασσεν
ἐν τοῖς ποτ' εὐκλεέσσιν.

ἑκόντες ἄσμενοί τε
τελοῦμεν εἰς ἀδελφοὺς
τῶν εὐκλεῶν τέχναις τε
ᾠδαῖς τε καὶ μάχαισιν·
ἡ δόξα δ' ἐστὶ μείζων
τῶν μυρίων ὁμαίμων,
οἵτ' ἔργα χρήστ' ἔδρασαν
Θεῷ τε καὶ βροτοῖσιν.

ὑμνῶμεν Ἡδύαρδον,
τὸν παῖδα, τὸν μόναρχον·
τὴν δόξαν, ἣν ἔδρεψεν,
οὐκ ἂν χρόνος μαραίνοι.
τὸν κρᾶτ' ἐπιστέφωμεν
ἀειθαλεῖ στέφει νιν
ὑπερτέρῳ τιάρας
νικηφόρου τυράννου.

τήνελλα.
τὸ κυανοῦν ἀείσω.
παισὶν γάρ ἐστι κόσμος,
τῆς ἐλπίδος πρόδειγμα
τῆς πιστότητος εἰκών·
ἡμῶν δ' ἄρ' ἔστιν, ἡμῶν
τὴν πίστιν εὖ φυλάττειν
ἀκήρατον τε σώζειν
τὸ κυανοῦν ἐσαεί.

1889.

III

Dans les temps reculés, où les Tudors régnaient,
Et que d'un monde usé les ruines croulaient,
La demeure des Bleus surgit : elle s'engendre
Comme un nouveau Phénix, qui renaît de sa cendre.

Comme un vert arbrisseau, que la saison nourrit,
Sa racine s'enfonce et son sommet fleurit ;
Edouard l'a semée, et aujourd'hui la plante
Couvre tout le pays d'une ombre bienfaisante.

Sous sa douce tutelle, en son asile heureux
La jeunesse se trouve un abri généreux,
Où le corps s'affermit à force d'énergie
Et le cœur se retrempe aux combats de la vie.

L'enfant à pleines mains puise à notre trésor,
Lettres sciences arts, plus précieux que l'or,
Qui le font aspirer à briller dans l'histoire,
À voir son nom inscrit au Temple de la Gloire.

D'illustres écrivains, de braves généraux
Nous gardons le renom dans nos fastes si beaux,
Mais les rangs fraternels se vantent plus, en somme,
De cette légion qui sert Dieu, qui sert l'homme.

Célébrons donc Édouard—Édouard l'enfant-royal,
À son nom glorieux rien ne sera fatal,
Nous tressons pour son front la couronne immortelle,
Et jamais conquérant n'en reçut de plus belle.

Vive à jamais le Bleu, des enfants la couleur,
L'oriflamme du Vrai, le drapeau de l'Honneur,
Frères, soyons toujours à l'étendard fidèles,
Et conservons au Bleu des gloires éternelles.

1889.

IV

In der ferneren Zeit, als der Tudor befahl,
Und das Altertum stürzte in öden Verfall,
Das Blauheim entsprang, wie der Phönix zuvor
Aus der Asche noch glühend einst hob sich empor.

Wie ein blühendes Bäumlein im Fluge der Zeit
Die Wurzel schlägt tiefer, den Wipfel erhöht,
So der Sämling gepflanzet von Eduards Hand
Mit den schweifenden Aesten bedeckte das Land.

Und der freundliche Schirm in der Jahre Verlauf
Bot Knaben und Mägdlein der Pflege vollauf,
Bis der Leib wurde stärker zum künftigen Streit,
Und der Mut zu den Kämpfen des Lebens bereit.

Und hier mit ausbündigem Reichtum entrollt
Die Schätze der Wissenschaft, teuerer als Gold,
Ermuntern den Jüngling es weiter zu treiben
Und den Namen im Tempel des Ruhms aufzuschreiben.

Mit Freude wir zählen zum Brüderverein
Manche Helden, Poeten, Gebildeten ein,
Noch stolzer wir schauen die Tausende an
Die für Gott und die Menschheit die Pflichten
gethan.

Dem Eduard sei Ehre, dem König, dem Knaben,
Seinen ewigen Ruhm soll kein Alter begraben,
Flechten wir seinem Haupt einen eigenen Kranz,
Einen teuereren Schmuck als den siegreichen Glanz.

Hoch lebe die Bläue, die Zierde der Jugend,
Das Bildniß der Treue, die Fahne der Tugend,
Seyd Ihr, o Gebrüder, der Farbe getreu
Und auf immer erhaltet die Ehre der Bläu'.

1889.

A FOOTBALL MATCH

As I watched, in a struggle at football,
The earnest yet good-natured strife,
Methought I discovered a moral
In the lessons it offers for life.

All are eager, yet all in their order,
Each side one harmonious whole,
And the backs keep the field, while the forwards
Press hard on the enemy's goal.

One is always in luck, on his fellow
Ill fortune seems ever to frown,
And one gets a spill, while another
Is making a splendid "run down."

But through the hot fight they engage in
True honour is always their guide,
And they seek not a shabby advantage
With "hands" or by playing "offside."

Whene'er, after honest endeavour,
One sees that his own time is gone,
He gives the good work to another,
Unselfishly "passing it on."

And if, by mishap in the mêlée,
One comes by a cross-shin or hack,
How bravely he bears it, nor seeks he
To pay it revengefully back.

But while we thus prose on the matter,
What's the score? for the playing is done;
Carthusian pluck and endurance
Have carried their three goals to one.

May we all, when life's struggle is ending,
With conscience and character whole,
Ere yet "Time" is called by the Umpire
Have made a "good shot at the goal"!

March 1882.

NON RES, SED SPES

"On for a fair and level sward!"
Such was the Harpy's cry:
The swallow twittered as he heard,
"You'll have it, by-and-by—

"They say, and I believe, my friend,
That means may yet be found
Our narrow limits to extend
And smooth the bumpy ground.

"The Nomad shall no longer roam
For spots to pitch upon:
The fledgeling Cygnet shall become
A veritable Swan.

"For all shall have their perfect share
Of practice and of play,
That every one may hope to wear
The colours—in his day."

If lowly poet may make bold
On lofty themes to think,
Such hopes, fulfilled, will best uphold
The honour of the Pink.

And our belov'd Carthusian name,
  Keeping its credit whole,
Shall undivided honours claim
  For wicket as for goal.

March 1883.

SONG FOR O. C. THEATRICALS

November 26, 1887

Written to the music of "Boys of the Old Brigade."

Oh for the joys of a bygone time,
The hours when the pulse beat high,
Oh for the days which in boyhood's prime
Knew neither tear nor sigh!
Where are they gone, the delights of youth?
How is their brightness fled!
Can we bring back the years that are told?
Can we recall the dead?

Chorus—Strong is the love that unites us,
Stronger than time's rude hand,
Present and past, ever shall last
One—a Carthusian band.

Sweet are the words of familiar tales,
Of struggles in work or play,
Bringing again the departed years,
As they were yesterday.

Over the Domus of ancient days
  Fogs hung a murky shroud:
Youth with its sunshine dispelled the gloom,
  Life was without a cloud.

Chorus—Strong, &c.

O Brothers who dwell in this brighter home
  On Surrey's breezy hill,
'Tis yours to maintain the Carthusian name
  And keep up old Domus still.
Still may it prosper: Floreat:
  As year after year rolls by,
With honour increas'd till the days of time
  Are merg'd in Eternity.

Chorus—Strong, &c.

November 1887.

CLUB SONGS

I

SWALLOWS

The Swallow, the Swallow is blithesome and bright
As he pilots his course with a quick-flashing wing,
Or speeds on his way with an arrowy flight
Through the pure liquid balm of the opening Spring.

The Swallow, the Swallow's a right merry soul
As he cheerily dribbles the ball on the green,
With a mind firmly fixed on the enemy's goal,
Now passing—now charging—now dodging between.

The Swallow recks nought of the rainfall or drouth,
But he chirrups and twitters in accents so gay
With the joy he has brought from the lands of the South,
Where a glory of sunshine illumines the day.

And the Swallow who bears the Carthusian name,
With the charm of his music would add a delight
(Your amusement, your pleasure his object and aim)
To the darkness and gloom of a wintry night.

Oh, the Swallow, the Swallow, the bird and the boy!
Long may old Thomas Sutton, who stands all alone
On the height of his Tower, their gambols enjoy,
And be thrilled with their mirth through his coating of stone.

December 1892.

II

CYGNETS

"Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis
Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor."

The swan, so says the Poet,
His life in silence past,
And in lonely sadness warbled
The loveliest notes at last.
But with Carthusian Cygnets
The order is reversed,
And the tender brood of nestlings
Sing sweetly from the first.

No dark and drear surroundings
Oppress their tuneful song,
But they gather inspiration
From a bright and joyous throng
A friendly band of brothers,
Who all their faults condone,
And rejoice in their successes
And greet them as their own.

And when in sportive contests
We strive to hold the ground,
And the eager shouts of comrades
Wake all the echoes round,

The Cygnet in the struggle
  Maintains his credit whole,
And defends with equal prowess
  The wicket and the goal.

And some time when the fledgeling
  Has grown into a swan,
And his plumage, blanched to silver,
  Warns him that youth is gone,
He may with pride and pleasure
  Look back on early days,
And remember how the Cygnets
  One evening earned your praise.

December 1892.

III

HARPIES

The ancient Harpy, Virgil has averred,
Was always reckoned an uncanny bird,
Which loved to have a claw in every pie,
And had strange notions of propriety.

But evolution with that wondrous force,
Which can transform an oyster to a horse,
Has wrought such changes in the biped's frame
As to leave little of it but a name.

And now the Harpy on Carthusian ground
By many a deed of prowess is renowned,
And shines with lustre all unknown before
In football triumph and in cricket score.

At first the crooked, callous shanks gave place
To limbs developed into comely grace,
And next the feathers from the trunk it cast,
And stood erect a human form at last.

The harsh and cruel shriek which boded ill,
Now mellowed to a sweet harmonious trill,
Proclaims the strong fraternal love which binds
In happy union all Carthusian minds.

December 1892.

IV

NOMADS

While the Nomad disdained the repose of a home,
In a wicker-work cart he delighted to roam
O'er the infinite waste of the prairies:
And at night he would rest with the turf for his bed,
Or would wander abroad, with the stars overhead,
To look on at the dance of the fairies.

But the Nomad to-day far acuter has been,
He has given up flitting to scene after scene
With its train of unspeakable worry:
He has found for his dwelling a permanent place,
Deck'd by art and by nature with emulous grace,
On a breezy hill summit in Surrey.

He has left far behind the original cart,
And can do many things both in science and art,
To say nothing of classical learning:
And at cricket and football he makes a good show
In a way which, as Scholars of Charterhouse know,
Would be past his forefathers' discerning.

If the Nomad once more shall a wanderer be,
Fond memories will haunt him by land and by sea,
And into each retrospect enter:
Be the circuit of travel as wide as it will,
Yet the thoughts of his heart will return to the hill
And be true to the Charterhouse centre.

December 1892.

SONG FOR HARPY CONCERT

Time in the onward flight of years
Works out a mighty change;
No transformation now appears
Impossible or strange.

For evolution's processes
Show such a perfect plan,
That what was once a jelly is
Now grown into a man.

Chorus—With cheerful hearts and voices strong
Sing out the Harpies' song:
And may the bond which makes them one
Last until time be done.

The Harpies whom the old world saw
Were a most gruesome sight,
And travellers viewed with dismal awe
The advent of their flight.

Fluttering with cries by no means mild
Above their victim's head,
They revelled in behaviour wild
And terribly ill-bred.

Chorus—With cheerful hearts, &c.

The Harpy who survives to-day
Is cast in shapely mould,
With lissom limbs and spirits gay,
And force by mind controlled.

No more his voice in strident notes
A tale of sorrow tells:
But rich with melody it floats
And soft as silver bells.

Chorus—With cheerful hearts, &c.

And when his mind to sport inclines,
No courtesy he lacks,
But all his mischief he confines
To accidental "hacks."

Carthusians, 'tis our pleasant task
To offer you these lays,
And now a precious boon we ask,
The tribute of your praise.

Chorus—With cheerful hearts, &c.

November 1894.

SCHOOL SONG

Uniter, Carthusiani,
Rusticique et urbani,
Suttoni memoriam
Plena voce celebremus
Et libenter personemus
Domus nostræ gloriam.

Juvenum vultus ridentes,
Viri robori fidentes,
Senes cano capite,
Una moti pietate,
Una juncti caritate
Congregamur hodie.

Ergo curas amovete
Et juventam recensete,
Qualis risit antea:
Nam quæ olim erant grata
Eadem manent laudata,
Hodiernis gaudia.

Impetu quanto feruntur,
Sive mentes imbuuntur

Studio umbratili:
Sive per aperta rura
Ludo exercentur crura
Folle cum volatili.

Floreas prisco decore
Floreas novo vigore,
Domus dilectissima:
Laudibus tuis lætamur
Grata tibi ominamur
Sæcula faustissima.

October 1895.

GUILDFORD HIGH SCHOOL CLOCK

(AIR—"*My Grandfather's Clock*")

HAVE you heard of the clock which with silvery sound
Is to tell of the flight of the hour
To all the good people of Guildford around
From the front of the High School tower?

Chorus—Ever true without flurrying, tick, tick,
Neither resting nor hurrying, tick, tick,
'Twill work, work—till its days be o'er,
Then it won't work more.

From morning to evening and on through the dark
It will move with unvarying power,
And nothing shall hinder the good steady work
Of the clock on the front of the tower.

Chorus—Ever true, &c.

If e'er the rude tempest shall beat on its face
It will care not for blast or for shower,
But will keep up its race and not slacken its pace
As it tells of the time from the tower.

Chorus—Ever true, &c.

Just so, in our lives, whether fortune be bright
Or disaster around us shall lower,
May we do with our might what is faithful and right
Like the works of the clock on the tower.

Chorus—Ever true, &c.

October 1895.

ENTERTAINMENT PROGRAMME

Tu-ne rogas quantum jam temporis, urbe relicta,
Rure habeat sedem Carthusiana domus?
Si numeras annos, sat erunt tibi lustra quaterna,
Augmina si reputas, secula bina parum.

1892.

HYMNS

HYMN

Consecration of Charterhouse Chapel

O God, Whose wisdom made the sky
  And all the starry frame,
Behold our house with gracious eye;
  We raise it to Thy name.

May Faith be our foundation stone,
  May Hope our pillar be,
And Love unite us all in one,
  By joining all to Thee.

Here may we, in temptations sore,
  Thy strong salvation prove,
And kneeling at the Cross adore
  The fulness of Thy Love.

Grant us to drink of Wisdom's well,
  To follow Duty's call;
May Health and Peace among us dwell
  And God be all in all.

So pray we, Lord, Thy Kingdom come,
While here our Domus stands,
A station towards the eternal home,
The house not made with hands.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run. *Amen.*

March 25, 1874.

HYMN

Founder's Day

O God, Thy mercy's fountains
  Are plenteous and free,
Thy love strong as the mountains
  And boundless as the sea.
For all Thy hand provides us
  Accept our grateful praise,
For all the care that guides us
  In life's uncertain ways ;

For all the strength we borrow
  From hopes of coming years,
For comfort under sorrow,
  For joys that shine through tears ;
For all, whose noble story
  Points out to us the road
That led them to the Glory
  Which crowns the Sons of God.

For those whose faithful patience
  Counts earthly things but dross,
To bear to distant nations
  The Gospel of the Cross ;

For those who, striving ever
Up duty's toilsome steep,
Teach us by their endeavour
The heavenward way to keep.

For those who once gave promise
Of fruit for manhood's prime,
But parted early from us
Like blossoms ere their time.
For all the copious shower
Of blessings from above,
Thy Spirit's threefold dower
Of Faith and Hope and Love. *Amen.*

1882.

HYMN

Founder's Day

Auctor omnium bonorum,
Vita fortium virorum,
Spes salutis homini;
Tibi reddimus honorem
Propter nostrum conditorem,
Servitorem Domini.

Ille manu plantam sevit,
Quæ tuo favore crevit
Et viget perpetuo;
Ille dedit Deo data,
Inde domus auspicata
Floret aucta decuplo.

Gaudet ætas puerilis
Et maturitas senilis
Quisque suis ædibus;
Hæc ab omni malo tuta,
Illa literis imbuta,
In quietis sedibus.

Sed, quod est exemplo bono
Omne fit ex Dei dono
Et descendit cœlitus :
Nihil ex nobis habemus,
Quas virtutes exercemus,
Sanctus afflat Spiritus.

Cuncta Dei majestatis
Cuncta Dei bonitatis
Proferunt indicia :
Nomen Ejus nos laudamus
Et libenter recitamus
Tanta beneficia.

1895.

HYMN

Founder's Day

Father of all, enthroned above, to Thee our hearts we lift,
To Thee we look for every good and every perfect gift:
To Thee we offer thanks and praise for all Thy hand hath done,
To Thee we pray for blessing on the holy work begun.

Long years ago Thy Spirit, by the power of Love divine,
Matured within our Founder's breast His bounteous design;
'Twas Thine to give the increase and to foster with Thy hand
The seed he planted till it took deep root and filled the land.

Through many a storm of trouble and the threat of many an ill
Thy mercy saved our ancient house, Thy mercy shields it still:

Oh may we, as we prosper, by our faithful service prove
Ourselves more worthy of Thy care, more worthy of Thy love.

Still may Thy favour rest on us; for all the years to come
May arts and learning flourish well in our Carthusian home;
And give not only knowledge, give us grace and strength to fight
Against all forms of evil and to vindicate the right.

Keep us from sin and falsehood, and with watchful care defend
Our home from strife and envy and from all things that offend;
And knit our hearts together, and unite us close to Thee
In bonds of faith and holiness and fervent charity.

May we proceed from strength to strength, with courage looking on
To struggles yet before us, to the conquest to be won:
And may we, when the days of youth are numbered with the past,
To Thee devote our manhood's strength, still faithful to the last.

But when the shadows lengthen in the evening of
our day,
Father, support the failing strength with Thine
Almighty stay,
And lead us through the darkness to that eternal
rest,
Where the Sun of Thine own presence shines for
ever on the blest.

1888.

DUCTOR DUBITANTIUM

Were not my questions answered, when of old
The spear-wound of the Roman gaped afresh,
And as with voice, divine yet human, told
That Christ indeed was risen in the flesh?

Hast thou not faith? The tomb He rent in twain
Bears witness for thee to the Lord of Life:
He was no phantom image of the brain,
No half-seen vision, cause of doubtful strife.

He spoke, as they who with a brother speak,
He felt, as they who for a brother feel:
He poured no scathing scorn upon the weak
But gently sought the palsied heart to heal.

Look up! the heavenly light, that marked the track
Of the triumphant Saviour's upward road,
Shines for the night-bound soul and calls it back
To the full glory which surrounds its God.

Strive thou to live the life that He has shown,
Keep thou thine eye fixed on the heavenly goal,
And thou shalt know one day as thou art known,
And God's own light shall brighten all thy soul.

EASTER ANTHEM

'Tis finished! and the noontide[1] glare
To midnight gives the darken'd sky,
The Heavens affrighted could not dare
To see "the Second Adam" die.
In every pang that rends the heart,
In every grief that man can know,
The "Man of Sorrows" had a part
And drank the dregs of human woe.

He bled! to break sin's deadly thrall,
He died! to set the bondsmen free;
"The eclipse of nature spread His pall,"
But in His death was victory.
For from the deep sepulchral gloom
He rose, victorious o'er the grave:
The Lord, the Judge of mortal doom,
The Lord, omnipotent to save.

Angels, to greet the Saviour King
Their hymns of rapturous praise prolong;
Heaven's arches with rejoicings ring,
And grateful earth gives back the song:

[1] See St. Luke xxiii. 44.

" Worthy the Lamb, Who death defied,
Praise, power, and glory to receive!
For as in Adam's sins we died,
In Jesus' sacrifice we live!"

Though hard the strife, though rude the shock,
Greater He stands, Salvation's God!
Rejoice, rejoice, ye chosen flock,
Who tread the path your Saviour trod.
He, throned supreme in highest Heaven,
Shall bid your fears, your sorrows cease,
For though the jarring spheres be riv'n,
His look is love, His Word is peace.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL,
1842.

EASTER

All things, when Winter's course is run,
  Rise as from death with one accord,
But what were Spring without its Sun,
  Or life without its Lord?

O Lord of life, Thyself impart,
  Our souls to quicken and to bless;
Shed Thy full warmth upon the heart,
  Thou Sun of Righteousness.

Now in Thine earthly courts we praise
  The Easter triumph of Thy Love:
O may we with the angels raise
  A fuller song above.

1882.

EASTER

The Lord is risen! My soul, leave earthly things,
Follow thy Lord upon His heavenward road;
And Easter thoughts shall bear thee as on wings
Into the very presence of thy God.

1883.

EASTER

"His rest (*i.e.* resting place) shall be glory."
—ISAIAH xi. 10.

WEEP for the dead no more! The world-wide cry
Of mortal pain is answered from on high:
Our risen Lord has rolled the stone away,
And glory fills the place in which He lay.

1884.

EASTER

An angel choir proclaimed His birth
When Jesus in our flesh was born,
And angel visitants to earth
Announced the resurrection morn.

Such tones alone of Him could tell
Who lived and died our souls to save,
Vanquished the powers of death and hell,
And rose triumphant from the grave.

1890.

EASTER

ἤγερται.

The world itself keeps Easter Day,
And Easter larks are singing,
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The Lord of all things lives anew,
And all His works are living too.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

1891.

EASTER

God spake the word, "Let there be light,"
Chaos and darkness passed away,
And all the brooding gloom of night
Was melted into perfect day.

"Let there be life," God spake the word,
"Jesus is risen from the grave,"
And death and sin the fiat heard,
Vanquished by Him Who died to save.

1891.

EASTER

ἠγέρθη.

Ye who heard that bitter cry
From the Cross on Calvary,
Ye who faithful vigil kept
While the sacred Body slept,
Hush your fears, your hearts upraise,
To the notes of joy and praise;
Death is vanquish'd, Life restor'd,
By the might of Christ the Lord.

1893.

EASTER

Our Easter song of grateful praise,
Ascended Lord, to Thee we raise,
Who by Thy death hast death subdued,
And by Thy life our life renewed.

1894.

EASTER

ἠγέρθη.

He heard the voice of that despairing moan:
"What human power shall roll away the stone?"
And rose, triumphant in His glorious might,
To shed into the grave Eternal light.

1896.

TRANSLATIONS

FAREWELL, TOBACCO

Farewell, Tobacco! Many a year
I've held thee, it may be, too dear:
Our friendship now at length must cease,
But, prithee, let us part in peace;
And let not what we loved of late
By sudden change be turned to hate.
I owe thee much. Oft hast thou lent
To lonely hours a calm content,
Or brought to ease the labour'd brain
Inspiration's fairy train,
While worldly thought and carking care
Have vanished, like thy smoke, in air.
But since thy breath may noisome prove
To my late blossomed flower of Love,
Twelve years acquaintance here I sever,
And bid thee now farewell for ever.

W. H.B.

September 1855.

Herba Nicota vale! Si longos forte per annos
Peccavi nimiâ te coluisse fide,
Hic tandem nostro modus est ponendus amori,
Discidio tali sit procul ira, precor.
Neu, mihi quod nuper vultu ridebat amico,
Tam subitas odii discat habere vices.
At tibi debemus multum: nam sæpe diei
Mutabas placidâ tædia lætitia;
Sæpe laboranti referens solatia menti
Phantasiæ adstabat, te duce, blanda cohors.
Ærumnæque humiles tormentaque edacia curæ
Te procul in ventos, fumus ut iste, dabant.
Sed ne forte tua damnum sibi contrahat aura,
Qui mihi nunc tenerâ fronde virescit amor;
Bis sex annorum communi fœdere rupto
Audet in æternum dicere lingua vale.

September 1855.

The stars are with the voyager
Wherever he may sail:
The moon is constant to her time,
The sun will never fail,
But follow, follow round the world
The green earth and the sea,
So love is with the lover's heart,
Wherever he may be.

Wherever he may be, the stars
Must daily lose their light;
The moon will veil her in the shade,
The sun will set at night;
The sun may set, but constant love
Will shine when he's away,
So that dull night is never night,
And day is brighter day.

T. Hood.

Est navigantum stella nautarum comes
Quocunque vela verterint,
Et Luna certo tempore immutat vices,
Nec sol negabit lumina
Lustrantia orbem, et, quâ patet, sequacia
Per maria fertilesque agros;
Et sic amantis pectori est amor comes,
Quocunque oberrat gentium.

Sed usquequâque gentium obscurant facem,
Dies in omnes, sidera:
Se luna condit tecta nubibus nigris
Et nocte sol serâ cadit:
At occidente sole pervicax amor
Suo nitebit lumine,
Ut inde careat ipsa nox caligine,
Eatque clarior dies.

September 1866.

CHRISTIAN, SEEK NOT YET REPOSE

Christian! seek not yet repose,
Hear thy guardian Angel say;
Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray.

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way:
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.

Otium ne tu pete, Christiane,
Audin ut præsens Deus ipse fatur,
Scisne delapsus medios in hostes?
Pervigil ora.

Quicuid est regumque potentiumque
Evocant cæcas acies in unum
Et parum cautas inhiant in horas;
Pervigil ora.

Eja! divinis cataphractus armis
Tu dies noctesque paratus insta:
Proditor densis sedet in latebris,
Pervigil ora.

Ecce victores referunt triumphum, et
Militi cuique invigilant eunti
Consoni grato fremitu jubentes,
Pervigil ora.

Hear, above all, hear Thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word:
Watch and pray.

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray.

Charlotte Elliott.

Cæteris major vocat ipse Christus ;
Perlubeus audis Dominum loquentem,
Sit tuo vox illa animo reposta :
Pervigil ora.

Pervigil—ceu tota ibidem salutis
Spes foret pugnam tibi dimicantis :
Ora, ut Adjutor veniat superne,
Pervigil ora.

September 1879.

DE PUERULIS IN SILVA DESERTIS

Carmen

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
  These words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
  In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
  In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
  Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was and like to die,
  No help his life could save;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
  And both possessed one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
  Each was to other kind:
In love they lived, in love they died,
  And left two babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
  Not passing three years old:
The other a girl, more young than he,
  And framed in Beauty's mould.

Mentibus intentis cari reputate parentes
Carmina, quæ vobis commemoranda dabo :
Res etenim tristes et sæva negotia dicam
Serius in lucem prodita, facta diu.
Fama virum fortem, generoso sanguine natum,
Nuper in Eois fert habitasse plagis :
Integritate idem vitæ superaverat omnes,
Queis parilem dederat Sors bene larga locum.

Ille gravi affectus morbo properabat ad Orcum,
Profuit ægroto nil medicina viro.
Propter eum conjux pariter moribunda cubabat:
Impositosque rogo fax rapit una duos.
Conjugio tenuit junctos amor unus et idem,
Scilicet hic mitis, mitis et illa fuit :
Atque, uti per vitam, sic ipso in funere amantes
Infantes linquunt, morte adeunte, duos.

Hic erat ingenuo vultu formaque decora,
Vix trimum implebat vita peracta modum :
Illa ætate minor, binis juvenilior annis,
Cui graciles artus finxerat ipsa Venus.

The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controlled.
But if the children chance to die
Ere they to age should come,
The uncle should possess their wealth,
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear,
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else have they here;
To God and you I recommend
My children dear this day,
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to stay.

"You must be father and mother both
And uncle all in one;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother dear,
"O brother kind," quoth she,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery.

Sena Philippei legavit millia nummi
Ille pater nato: res manifesta patet:
Et "reditus, ubi jam certum pervenerit ævum,
Pendendos, quoties finiat annus iter."

Idem filiolæ parvæ testamen amoris,
Quingentas libras, aurea dona, dedit:
"Sponsalique die numeranda pecunia ad assem
Libera et ex omni lege soluta, manet:
Quod si filiolis, quum nondum adoleverit ætas,
Contigerit crudæ mortis obire diem,
Tum patruus superest heres ex asse secundus:"
Sic testamenti litera certa tulit.

"En," ait exanimis, "care o fratercule, natos,
Quos moriens linquo: sint tibi cura mei:
Tu foveas illos, etenim te præter amicos
Non alios usquam, qui tueantur, habent.
Ecce Deo trado custodi pignora cara
Et fidei mando jure tuenda tuæ.
Finis adest vitæ nostræ, tu testis es ipse,
Paullisper nobis his superesse licet.

"Erga istos parvos tu munera nostra replebis,
Fi pater et mater tu, patruusque simul;
Scit Deus ipse unus quænam hos fortuna sequatur,
Quid pueris fiat post mea fata meis."
Dixerat: excepto mater sermone locuta est:
"O mihi permultum frater amate," refert;
"Te penes est pueris nostris decernere sortem,
Turpiter indigeant an potiantur opes;

"And if you keep them carefully
Then God will you reward,
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deeds regard."
With lips as cold as any stone
They kissed their children small;
"God bless you both, my children dear!"
With that their tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sick couple there:
"The keeping of your little ones,
Sweet sister, do not fear.
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear
When you are laid in grave."

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes
And brings them straight into his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept those pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But for their wealth he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians strong
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young
And slay them in a wood.

"Si pueros justa tutela foveris istos,
Promeritam laudem Jupiter ipse dabit:
Sin aliter faxis neque jura exsolveris æqua,
Non poterit facinus tale latere deos."
Labris, quæ gelidum superarunt frigore saxum,
Linquendis pueris oscula summa dabant.
"Vivite felices," aiunt, "Divo auspice, nati:"
Tum lacrymis fusis immaduere genæ.

Respondit frater simulata voce; cubantes
Tabeque consumtos verba dolosa juvant:
"O mihi cara soror, de parvis rite tuendis
Sit procul ex animo cura, repelle metum.
Meque meosque Deus summus ne juverit unquam
Resque meas cunctas, quicquid habere datum est,
Si pueris per me teneris injuria fiat
Condita quum tandem corpora vestra jacent."

Jam procul amotis functisque parentibus ævo,
In propriam pueros transtulit ille domum;
Patruus infantes ipsa in penetralia ducit
Sedulus, et ficto multus amore colit.
Vix parvis inter patruelia tecta receptis
Annus et ex anno fugerat una dies,
Quum struit insidias sceleratæque arte necandos
Suscipit, ut magnas inde habiturus opes.

Conciliat binos pacta mercede latrones,
Queis atrox animi vis, validæque manus,
Ut pueros ambos procul inter inhospita tesqua
Abriperent silvæ projicerentque neci.

He told his wife an artful tale,
He would the children send
To be brought up in London fair
With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind
They should on cockhorse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly
As they rode on the way
To those that should their butchers be
And work their lives' decay,

So that the pretty speech they had
Made Murder's heart relent,
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fall to strife,
With one another they did fight
About the children's life.
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood,
The babes did quake for fear.

Subdolus uxori mendacia plurima finxit,
Quippe paraturum se procul esse domum,
Scilicet ut parvos mandaret in Urbe docendos
Ad civem, quocum mutuus esset amor.

Protinus ingressi longum, par nobile, cursum :
Insolito casu corda agitata tument ;
Lætitia trepidant, mira dulcedine tacti,
Quod sibi terga feri scandere detur equi.
Tum pueri vario et suavi sermone faceti
Multaque ludentes corripuere viam.
Furciferos blandæ mollit pellacia linguæ,
Qui miseris cædes interitumque parant.

Denique, qualis erat dulcis suadela loquellæ,
Carnificum grata pectora voce movent ;
Mox ipsos, qui se sceleris gessere ministros,
Pœnituit tantum participare malum.
At latro, cui mens inerat crudelior, unus
Certus erat sponsam non violare fidem :
Quod qui patronus scelera ista locasset agenda,
Ut pretium, magnas sponte dedisset opes.

Latroni placuit ratio diversa secundo,
Inde agit iratos rixa cruenta viros ;
Infesti jungunt sævæ certamina pugnæ,
Interimant pueros an superesse sinant.
Ille autem, cui mitis erat clementia cordi,
Letifero socium conficit ense suum :
Hæc ita dum fiunt inter loca devia silvæ,
Parvorum terror membra soluta quatit.

He took the children by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him
And look they did not cry.
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain;
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread
When I come back again."

These pretty babes with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down,
But nevermore could see the man
Approaching from the town;
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due relief.
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell:

Jam latro arreptis dextris abducit utrumque,
Stant miseris lacrymæ, roscida gutta, genis.
Et premere ipsius comites vestigia jussit,
Et "procul a lacrymis abstineatur," ait.
Infantes teneros passuum duo millia traxit,
Sæpe cibum poscunt questibus inter iter.
"Hic" inquit "standum est: nullaque carebitis esca
"Quum potero reduces inde referre pedes."

Innexis manibus pueri, pulcherrima proles,
Incipiunt varias ire redire vias.
Heu male frustrantur; neque enim comparuit iste
Nec reducem vertit rursus ab urbe gradum.
Oscula tum moris fœdantur candida nigris,
Insoliti laticis tincta colore madent:
Cum tandem noctis sperantibus ingruit umbra
Defessi lacrymas haud inhibere queunt.

Sic miseri multo dubioque errore vagantur:
Mox venit ærumnis mors positura modum.
Ipsa in morte tamen strictis amplexibus hærent;
Nemo aderat justam qui dare posset opem.
His ita projectis sollennia funera desunt,
Membra nec humanæ composuere manus:
Sed loca confestim deserta Rubecula quærit,
Et pia congesta corpora fronde tegit.

Nec mora, pœna venit sceleris; non tempore longo
Prægravis in patruum concidit ira deûm.
Ipsa furit Nemesis vindex bacchata per ædes,
Et miserum torquent conscia corda mali.

His barns were fired; his goods consumed,
  His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
  And nothing with him staid.

And in a voyage to Portugal
  Two of his sons did die,
And to conclude, himself was brought
  To want and misery.
He pawned and mortgaged all his land
  Ere seven years came about,
And now at length this wicked act
  Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
  Those children for to kill
Was for a robbery judged to die,
  Such was God's blessed will,
Who did confess the very truth
  As here hath been displayed,
Their uncle having died in gaol,
  Where he for debt was laid.

You that executors be made,
  And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless
  And infants mild and meek,
Take your example by this thing
  And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like misery
  Your wicked minds requite.

OLD ENGLISH BALLAD.

Horrea mox ardent: raptim bona tota teruntur:
Et segetes suetas arva perusta negant:
Intereunt pecudes crebræ in præsepibus ipsis
Nec superest quicquam, quæ fuit ante, rei.

Præterea natos, conducta nave petentes
Hesperios fines, obruit unda duos:
Mox ipsum, exhaustis opibus, penuria adurget,
Et didicit sordes pauperiemque pati.
Tum cunctos agros aliena opponit ob æra,
Necdum septennes præteriere vices:
Sed—neque enim possunt semper male facta latere—
Tempore post longo res ita facta palam est:

Qui facinus magnum quondam conduxit agendum,
Nec timuit pueris fraude parare necem,
Ille idem capitis damnatur crimine furti;
Scilicet æterni sic voluere dei.
Iste reus tandem rem prodidit ordine totam,
Quæ modo per nostrum carmen aperta patet:
Patruus occiderat jam pridem carcere clausus,
Quippe ubi languerat nexus ob æra diu.

At vos queis dabitur fieri tutoribus olim,
Sit-ve relegatæ cura agitanda rei;
Seu sit debilior permissa infantia curæ
Sive sit erga orbos ista probanda fides,
Discite justitiam, vestra hinc documenta petentes,
Juraque tutandis reddite cuique suum.
Ne Deus ipse malas artes fraudemque perosus
Denique det vobis talia damna pati.

August 1891.

TERCENTENARY ODE

For Whitgift School

(*Written at the request of* Mr. Robert Brodie)

When the great Queen of Tudor's line
In England held her state,
And saw the world in arms combine
Against her country's fate,

Abroad the threats of angry foes,
At home the traitor's guile
Conspired to break the sweet repose
Of our beloved isle :

But firm our faithful Primate stood
Amid the tempest's rage,
And calmly counselled for the good
Of many a distant age.

For lives with years and care o'erwrought
He planned a peaceful rest,
And with a love of learning sought
To fire the youthful breast.

Olim ut tenebat regna Britannica
Elissa claro e sanguine Tudoris
Totusque conjurabat orbis
Imperio minitans ruinam.

Vis extera atroxque impetus hostium
Domi impiorum fraus, sceleris comes,
Bello lacessito, struebat
Exitium in patrios Penates.

Tunc ille Primas indomitus tamen
Inter procellas et rabiem feram
Longuinqua providit, bonoque
Consuluit venientis ævi.

Labore fractis et senio gravi
Sedes quietas praebet et otium
Flammamque doctrinæ tenellis
Ingeniis adhibere curat.

His trust was placed in God alone,
And, in that strength secure,
He took this emblem for his own,
"They conquer who endure."

And now, when o'er his work to-day
Three hundred years have rolled,
We lift to God our grateful lay
For blessings manifold.

He first inspired His servant's will,
From Him the increase came,
He of His love maintains us still
To honour Whitgift's name.

And may the brightness of His face
Shine on us as of yore,
That we may daily grow in grace
And flourish more and more.

W. H. B.
December 20, 1895.

"Fortisque vincit qui patitur," [1] suo
Inscripta signo prætulit, ut DEO
Confisus uno, nec favorem
Auxiliumve aliunde quærens.

At cura nostra est, post tria saecula
Emensa, laetis carminibus Deum
Laudare tutelæque fidæ
Multiplices iterare grates.

Nempe ILLE servum perpulerat Suum,
Præsente EODEM crevimus, ILLIUS
Amore servati manemus
Præsulis ad celebrandum honorem.

In nos faventi lumine, quo prius,
Vultûs amici spectet, ut indies
Crescamus in verum vigorem, et
Continuos referamus auctus.

January 1896.

[1] The Archbishop's motto.

INSCRIPTION

On a Bell at Strasburg

Funera plango, fulgura frango, Sabbata pango,
Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos.

Anon.

I MOURN the dead, crush thunderbolts, and mark
each holy day,
I rouse the sluggard, quell the storm, and still the
bloody fray.

September 1896.

IN MEMORIAM

Gen. Penn Symons

'Tis sweet to die, when, having tasted all
The joys of life, one finds but weariness;
But very hard and bitter is the fate
Which gives to men, all too ungrudgingly,
The double gift of victory and death.
Far, far away, beneath a foreign land
He lies who gave his life for England's sake;
Slave to his duty, bravest of the brave,
He only knew to conquer was to die,
Yet, dying, left a name which divers tongues
Shall ever speak with awe and reverence.
Calmly he sleeps, nor heeds the cannon's roar,
Till the great God of Battles shall demand
Victors and vanquished on the self-same day.

Alan R. Haig Brown.

November 1899.

Dulce mori est illi, cui jam libata voluptas
Attulerit tandem saturæ fastidia vitæ:
Sed grave fit quum sorte nimis Fortuna benignâ
Victoris palmamque simul mortemque paravit.
Heu! jacet externo coopertus pulvere, vitam
Qui dedit ob patriam, letalia vulnera passus:
Deditus officio tantum et fortissimus unus
Militiæ mortem sensit simul atque triumphum;
Mortuus ille tamen nomen famamque reliquit,
Quam variis referent linguis ventura virorum
Saecula perpetuoque colent cum laude verentes;
Nunc placide dormit, neque rauca tonitrua pugnae
Audit, at Ille potens belli Deus arbiter olim
Victores pariter judex victosque ciebit.

November 1899.

LINES

On Franklin's Cenotaph in Westminster Abbey

Not here: the white North has thy bones; and thou,
Heroic sailor soul,
Art passing on thine happier voyage now
Toward no earthly pole.

Tennyson.

Hinc abes: asservat Boreas tua candidus ossa;
Tu tamen intendis, navita fortis, iter.
At nunc navigio felicius uteris isto,
Qui non terrestrem pergis adire polum.

LINES

On Franklin's Cenotaph in Westminster Abbey

Not here: the white North has thy bones; and thou,
Heroic sailor soul,
Art passing on thine happier voyage now
Toward no earthly pole.

Tennyson.

τῆλε πέλεις· τὰ γὰρ ὀστέ' ἔχει βορέας νιφετώδης,
καὶ σύ γ' ἔτ' εὐψυχῶν ναυτιλίαν ἐφέπεις·
νῦν δὲ δὴ εὐπλοΐας τετύχηκας, ὑπείροχε ναυτῶν,
οὐκ ἐπὶ γῆς μετιὼν, ἀλλ' ἐπάνωθε, πόλον.

INSCRIPTION

At Monte Cassino on the Tomb of SS. Benedict and Scholastica

Benedictum et Scholasticam, uno in terris partu editos,
Una in Deum pietate, cœlo redditos unus hic excepit tumulus,
Mortalis depositi pro æternitate custos.

Anon.

Scholastica and Benet to this earth
Together came, the children of one birth,
Together in devotion to their Lord,
Together to their native heaven restored,
Together in this tomb their bodies lie,
Relics safe-guarded for Eternity.

February 1893.

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE

The half-heard bleat of sheep comes from the hill.
Faint sounds of childish play are in the air.
The river murmurs past. All else is still.
The very graves seem stiller than they were.

Afar though nation be on nation hurled,
And life with toil and ancient pain depressed,
Here one may scarce believe the whole wide world
Is not at peace, and all man's heart at rest.

Rest! 'twas the gift *he* gave; and peace! the shade
He spread, for spirits fevered with the Sun.
To him his bounties are come back—here laid
In rest, in peace, his labour nobly done.

William Watson.

Languida balatûs de monte refertur imago,
Consona parvorum lusibus aura tremit,
Omnia ubique silent, nisi qua prope murmurat amnis,
Et tumulis ipsis incubat aucta quies.

Gens alibi in gentem sævis committitur armis,
Vita alibi prisco fessa dolore perit:
Istic credideris regnare per omnia pacem
Et populos placido corde quiete frui.

Ille dedit pacem requiemque—haud, sole furente,
Aestibus ægrotos gratior umbra juvat.
Exactâ vitâ recipit sua dona—jacenti
Nec male promerito pax requiesque manent.

1904.

NONSENSE RHYME

Of all the birds in the farm-yard
The goose I have preferred,
There is so much of nutriment
In that weak-minded bird.

ANON.

Quantum avium est fundo, magno mihi semper
honore
Omnibus ex aliis anser habendus erit.
Iste etenim volucris tantum nutriminis offert,
Quamvis exiguo praeditus ingenio.

October 1899.

NONSENSE RHYME

There was a young lady of Riga
Who went for a ride on a tiger ;
They came back from that ride
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

Anon.

Vehebatur tigris tergo
Cum risu Rigensis virgo:
Ambo mox domum reversi,
Ridens tigris incedebat,
Virgo in alveo latebat.

1891.

MILTON'S SONNET TO HIS DECEASED WIFE

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad Husband gave,
Rescu'd from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me she inclin'd
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

Milton.

ἔδοξα τὴν πρὶν σύζυγον νύμφην ἰδεῖν
ἥκουσαν, ὡς Ἄλκηστις, ἐκ τῶν νερτέρων,
ἣν Ἡρακλῆς ἔδωκεν ἀσμένῳ πόσει,
ὠχράν τε κἀσθενοῦσαν, ἐκσώσας μόρου·
ἡ δ', ὥς τις ἐκ κηλῖδος ἔκπλυτος λόχου,
ἣν τῷ νόμῳ κάθαρσις ὥρθωσεν πάλαι,
οἵαν τ' ἔτ' αὖθις ἄν θέλοιμ' ἰδεῖν μάκαρ
ἐλευθέραν κατ' ὄψιν οὐδ' ἀπειργμένην,
ἦλθ' εἵμασιν λευκοῖσιν ἠμφιεσμένη
ἄγνοῖς ὁμοίως ταῖς ἔτι ζώσης φρεσίν.
κάρα καλυφθεῖσ', ἀλλ' ὅπως ἔδοξ' ὁρᾷν,
χάρις τ' ἔρως τ' εὔνοιά τ' ἐκ τῶν ὀμμάτων
ἔλαμψαν, ὡς οὐ πλεῖον ἐξ ἄλλων ποτε·
εἶθ' ὡς χέρας μοι περιβαλοῦσ' ἔκυψ', ἐγὼ
ἐγρήγορ',—ᾠχετ', ἦγαγεν δ' ἐὼς σκότον.

1904.

THE JUDGEMENT OF PROMETHEUS

Not here my place of rest; far hence I seek,
Beyond or world of Gods or world of men,
The Tower of ancient Kronos, where he dwells
Amid the Blessed Isles, his final home,
The habitation of a holy calm.
There evermore the West-winds dewy-winged,
Borne o'er the Ocean-river, lightly breathe;
And over all that sweet and solemn realm
Broods a mild golden light of mellow beam,
Less bright by far than this celestial splendour,
A low warm light as of eternal eve.
And there are gathered, or shall gather soon
All my dear kindred, offspring of the Earth,
The brotherhood Titanic, finding there
Harbour desired, and after sore exile
Rejoining well content their ancient King.

Ernest Myers.

οὐ μοι σχολὴ τῇδ' ἐστιν, ἀλλὰ τηλόθι
ζητῶ, βροτῶν τε καὶ θεῶν ἔξω βίου,
Κρόνου γεραιοῦ πύργον, ἔνθ' ἔχει πάλαι
ἐν μακαρίαις νήσοισιν ἔμπεδον δόμον,
οὗπερ κατοικεῖ θεῖον εἰρήνης σέβας·
ἐκεῖ γὰρ ἀεὶ Ζέφυρος ἐμβριθὴς δρόσῳ
ὑπὲρ ῥέοντα πόντον αἰωρούμενος
ἡδεῖαν ἐξίησιν ἡσύχως πνοήν,
ὑπὲρ δὲ τὴν γλυκεῖαν εὐσεβῆ πλάκα
χρυσοῦν τι φέγγος ἠπίως πιφαύσκεται,
οὐχ ὥσπερ ἥδε δίοθεν ἐκλάμπουσα φλὸξ
σχεδὸν δ' ἐρυθρὸν, οἷον ἑσπέρας, ἀεί.
ἐκεῖσε δ' ἥκουσ' ἢ ξυνήξουσιν τάχα
οἱ φίλτατοι μοι πάντες, ὁμόφυλος στρατός,
οἱ γηγενεῖς Τιτᾶνες, εὐρήκασι γὰρ
ὁρμὸν ποθητὸν νῦν μέτ' ἀθλίαν φυγὴν
τοῦ πρόσθ' ἄνακτος ἀσμένως ἐπήβολοι.

April 1904.

LES CHANTS DU CRÉPUSCULE

La pauvre fleur disait au papillon céleste :
"Ne fuis pas !
Vois comme nos destins sont différents. Je reste,
Tu t'en vas !
Pourtant nous nous aimons, nous vivons sans les hommes
Et loin d'eux,
Et nous nous ressemblons, et l'on dit que nous sommes
Fleurs tous deux !
Mais hélas ! l'air t'emporte et la terre m'enchâine,
Sort cruel ;
Je voudrais embaumer ton vol de mon haleine
Dans le ciel !
Mais non, tu vas trop loin ! Parmi des fleurs sans nombre
Vous fuyez,
Et moi je reste seule à voir tourner mon ombre
À mes pieds !

To the butterfly bright said the flower with a sigh:
"Go not away!
Our lives differ strangely. Far, far canst thou fly,
But I must stay.
Yet strong is our love, far from the world's aid
Still peace is ours;
We are like too in feature, men say we were made
Both of us flowers.
I am bound down to earth, while thou soarest on high,
O fate sad as death!
I would waft thee on perfume up into the sky
With my sweet breath!
Nay, thy flight is too high: where flowers endless blow
Thou takest wing,
But I, I must watch the shadow I throw
Turn in a ring.

Tu fuis, puis tu reviens, puis tu t'en vas encore
Luire ailleurs.
Aussi me trouves-tu toujours, à chaque aurore
Toute en pleurs !
Oh ! pour que notre amour coule des jours fidèles
O mon roi,
Prends comme moi racine, ou donne-moi des ailes
Comme à toi !"

VICTOR HUGO.

Thou art gone, thou returnest, then once more thou fleest
Elsewhere to glow !
And so every morn at thy coming thou seest
Tears from me flow !
But, O king of my soul, that the course of our love
May constant be,
Strike root, or let me too on wings soar above,
Such as bear thee !"

July 1885.

A UNE JEUNE FILLE

Vous qui ne savez pas combien l'enfance est belle,
Enfant ! n'enviez point notre âge de douleurs,
Où le cœur tour à tour est esclave et rebelle,
Où le rire est souvent plus triste que vos pleurs.
Votre âge insouciant est si doux, qu'on l'oublie,
Il passe comme un souffle au vaste champ des airs,
Comme une voix joyeuse en fuyant affaiblie,
Comme un alcyon sur les mers.

Oh ! ne vous hâtez point de mûrir vos pensées !
Jouissez du matin, jouissez du printemps :
Vos heures sont des fleurs l'une à l'autre enlacées,
Ne les effeuillez pas plus vite que le temps.
Laissez venir les ans ! le destin vous dévoue,
Comme nous aux regrets, à la fausse amitié,
À ces maux sans espoir que l'orgueil désavoue,
À ces plaisirs qui font pitié ! . . .

Riez pourtant ! du sort ignorez la puissance :
Riez ! n'attristez pas votre front gracieux,
Votre œil d'azur, miroir de paix et d'innocence,
Qui révèle votre âme et réfléchit les cieux.

Victor Hugo.

Dear child, unconscious of thy childhood's charms,
Oh covet not the woes of riper years;
For, now enslaved and now in rebel arms,
Our smiles are often sadder than thy tears.
So sweet thy thoughtlessness, we note it not
More than a fleeting breath in fields of space,
Glad sounds, which faintly in the distance float,
A halcyon on the ocean's face.

Seek not too soon the mind's maturer powers,
Thine be the joy of spring, the joy of morn,
Thy days are like a chaplet wreathed of flowers,
By time, not thee, those blossoms should be torn.
The years must pass, to thee too shall be known
Bitter regrets and faithlessness in love,
And all those hopeless ills pride will not own,
Those pleasures which but pity move.

Smile on, regardless of fate's stern decrees,
Let no sad gloom o'ercast thy brow so bright,
Or dim the eye whose azure tells of peace,
Shows thy pure soul and mirrors heaven's own light.

October 1890.

CANTIQUE SPIRITUEL

Plainte d'un chrétien sur les contrariétés qu'il éprouve au dedans de lui-même.

Mon Dieu, quelle guerre cruelle !
Je trouve deux hommes en moi.
L'un veut que, plein d'amour pour toi,
Mon cœur te soit toujours fidèle,
L'autre, à tes volontés rebelle,
Me révolte contre ta loi.

L'un, tout esprit et tout céleste,
Veut qu'au ciel sans cesse attaché,
Et des biens éternels touché,
Je compte pour rien tout le reste ;
Et l'autre, par son poids funeste,
Me tient vers la terre penché.

Hélas ! en guerre avec moi-même,
Où pourrai-je trouver la paix ?
Je veux et n'accomplis jamais.
Je veux ; mais (ô misère extrême !)
Je ne fais pas le bien que j'aime,
Et je fais le mal que je hais.

My God, how fierce the strife!
Two minds within me dwell:
This bids me love Thee well
And yield to Thee my life,
While that, with disobedience rife,
Would from Thy law rebel.

This, by Thy Spirit taught,
For heaven claims all my love,
And, set on things above,
Counts all below but nought;
While that, with deadly burden fraught,
Earthwards my soul would move.

Oh! thus at war within,
Where can I peace attain?
I will—but all in vain,
Such misery hems me in;
I love the good, but yet abstain,
I hate but *do* the sin.

Ô Grace ! ô rayon salutaire !
Viens me mettre avec moi d'accord.
Et, domptant, par un doux effort,
Cet homme qui t'est si contraire,
Fais ton esclave volontaire
De cet esclave de la mort.

RACINE

Oh ! light of saving grace !
Let me be no more twain ;
Gently my heart constrain,
My rebel will efface ;
Give me among Thine own a place,
And break death's slavish chain.

EPITAPH ON MOLIÈRE

Sous ce tombeau gisent Plaute et Térence,
Et cependant le seul Molière y gît.
Leurs trois talents ne formaient qu'un esprit,
Dont le bel art réjouissait la France.
Ils sont partis, et j'ai peu d'espérance
De les revoir. Malgré tous nos efforts,
Pour un long temps, selon toute apparence
Térence et Plaute et Molière sont morts.

La Fontaine.

Plautus and Terence lie beneath this stone,
And yet Molière is buried here alone;
The gifts of all the three in him combined
Made up one genius to delight mankind.
Yes, they are gone; nor shall we in our day
See them return. Ah! do we what we may,
For many a year to come it shall be said
Terence and Plautus and Molière are dead.

LE TEMPLE ENSEVELI

Derrière nous notre passé s'étend en longue perspective. Il dort au loin, comme une ville abandonnée dans la brume. Quelques sommets le délimitent et le dominent. Quelques actes importants s'y élèvent pareils à des tours, les unes encore éclairées, les autres à demi ruinées et s'inclinant peu à peu sous le poids de l'oubli. Des arbres s'effeuillent, des pans de mur s'effritent, de grands espaces d'ombre s'élargissent. Tout cela paraît mort et n'avoir d'autres mouvements que ceux dont l'anime illusoirement la lente décomposition de notre mémoire. Mais à part cette vie empruntée à la mort même de nos souvenirs, il semble que tout soit définitivement immobile, à jamais immuable, et séparé du présent et de l'avenir par un fleuve que rien ne peut plus traverser. En réalité cela vit ; et pour beaucoup d'entre nous, plus ardemment et plus profondément que le présent ou

Far back the vista of our past extends.
It sleeps apart like a deserted city
Shrouded in gloom. Some lofty pinnacles
Look down and mark its bounds. Some deeds of note
Rise up like towers, these still suffused with light,
Those half in ruins, tottering to their fall
Beneath the pressure of oblivion.
Trees shed their leaves, fragments of ancient walls
Crumble to dust and growing shadows cast
Their darkness o'er the scene, while all around
Puts on the guise of death and seems to know
No vigour but the fancied motion lent
By memory in its gradual decay.
But all, except this life and motion, borrowed
Even from the death of bygone memories,
Seems fixed for aye, incapable of change,
And by a stream, which never can be crossed,
Cut off alike from present and from past:
And yet it lives, yes, and for many a one
A deeper and more earnest life than past
Or present offers: and, in sober truth,

l'avenir. En réalité, cette ville morte est souvent le foyer le plus actif de l'existence; et selon l'esprit qui les y ramène, les uns en tirent toutes leurs richesses, les autres les y engloutissent.

MAETERLINCK.

This city of the dead is oftentimes
The very central focus of our being :
But, various as the moods which call them back,
Some find within its walls rich stores of wealth,
Some leave behind their all, engulf'd therein.

April 1904.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MY PRETTY MAID?"

"WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a milking, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you like, kind sir," she said.
"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"Then I shan't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

ANON.

"Où vas-tu, où vas-tu, petite demoiselle?"
"Je vais traire du lait, Monsieur," répondit elle.
"Pourrais-j'aller avec, petite demoiselle?"
"Mais si vous le voulez, Monsieur," répondit elle.
"Veux tu me marier, petite demoiselle?"
"Oui, bien, s'il vous plait, Monsieur," répondit elle.
"Et l'état du papa, petite demoiselle?"
"Il laboure les champs, Monsieur," répondit elle.
"Quelle dot auras-tu, petite demoiselle?"
"Je n'ai que la beauté pour fortune," dit elle.
"Je ne saurais t'alors marier, demoiselle."
"Qui vous en a prié, Monsieur?" répondit elle.

September 1890.

À PROPOS DE LA CRÉMATION D'UN ARISTOCRATE

Si l'on crème les grands, la crême de la crême,
Les petits écrémés seront crémés de même.

W. H. B.

If the cream of the cream declares for cremation,
We shall surely cremate the skim-milk of the nation.

February 1891.

THE FISHERMAN'S LAMENT

Sometimes too early, sometimes too late,
Sometimes too little, sometimes a spate,
Sometimes too windy, sometimes too calm,
Sometimes too frosty, sometimes too warm,
Sometimes too cloudy, sometimes too bright,
Sometimes too dark, sometimes too light,
Sometimes too muddy, sometimes too clear,
There's aye something wanting when I'm fishing here.

Anon.

Quelquefois c'est trop tard, quelquefois c'est trop tôt,
Quelquefois manque d'eau, quelquefois c'est du flot,
Quelquefois trop de vent, ou le calme m'entrave,
Il est tombé du givre, ou la chaleur est grave,
Ou le temps est brumeux, ou trop ensoleillé,
Ou c'est trop de nuage, ou c'est trop de clarté,
Ou le fleuve est fangeux, le brillement m'empêche,
C'est toujours mal ici pour mes heures de pêche !

1904.

TO ALICE

On her Way to Paris

O daughter mine
On the ocean brine,
My loved and wandering Alice,
From the ills of the sea
May you be kept free
In the crossing from Dover to Calais.

And when at last
Your pleasure is past,
And once more you have to come over,
I pray you may find
The sea quite as kind
In the passage from Calais to Dover.

W. H. B.

O MA fillette aimée
Par les ondes bercée,
Mon Alice, qui voyageant allais,
Que tu sois protegée
De la mer enragée
En traversant de Douvres à Calais.

Quand après ton plaisir
Il te faut revenir,
Et le trajet encor se découvre,
Que les flots aussi doux
Te portent sans courroux
Au passage de Calais à Douvres.

November 1892.

NONSENSE RHYME

THERE was a young man of Nepal
Who went to a fancy-dress ball.
He thought 'twould be fun
To go as a bun,
But the dog ate him up in the hall.

ANON.

À Nepal, un jeune homme enjoué
Se rendait à un bal costumé.
Il le trouvait fort beau
D'y aller en gâteau,
Mais le chien le mangea à l'entrée.

NONSENSE RHYME

THERE once was a new motor car
Which Papa gave to dearest Mamma.
In spite of our groan
They went out alone.
You ask if we're orphans? We are!

ANON.

Papa trouva un automobile
Pour la chère Maman, don utile.
Bientôt malgré nos cris
Ils sont tous deux sortis.
Es-tu orphelin ? Question futile !

1901.

Die Läſterzunge

Wenn dich die Läſterzunge ſticht,
Laß dir zum Troſte ſagen:
Die ſchlächtſten Früchte ſind es nicht
Woran die Weſpen nagen.

Rünger.

When evil tongues thy name assail,
  This for thy comfort say :
'Tis not the worst of garden fruits
  The wasps select for prey.

1886.

Ich Sprach Zur Sonne

Ich ſprach zur Sonne: „Sprich, was iſt die Liebe?“
Sie gab nicht Antwort, gab nur goldnes Licht.
Ich ſprach zur Blume: „Sprich, was iſt die Liebe?“
Sie gab mir Düfte, doch die Antwort nicht.

Ich ſprach zum Ew'gen: „Sprich, was iſt die Liebe?
Iſt's heil'ger Ernſt? Iſt's ſüße Tändelei?“
Da gab mir Gott ein Weib, ein treues, liebes,
Und nimmer fragt' ich, was die Liebe ſei.

Rittershaus.

I ASKED the sun: "O tell me, what is Love?"
He answered by a flood of golden flame.
I asked the flower: "O tell me, what is Love?"
She gave sweet odours, but no answer came.

I asked the Eternal: "Tell me, what is Love?
Is't dalliance sweet or zeal's more holy task?"
God gave me then a faithful, darling wife,
And nevermore that question did I ask.

Das Bächlein

Du Bächlein, ſilberhell und klar,
Du eilſt vorüber immer-dar,
Am Ufer ſteh' ich, ſinn' und ſinn'
Wo kommſt du her? wo gehſt du hin?

Ich komm' aus dunklem Felſen Schoos,
Mein Lauf geht über Stein und Moos,
In meinem Spiegel ſpielt ſo mild
Des ſchönen Himmels freundlich Bild.

Drum bin ich immer frohen Sinn
Und eile fort, weiß nicht wohin,
Der mich gerufen aus dem Stein
Der, denk' ich, wird mein Führer ſein.

Goethe.

Clear little rill, like silver bright
Thou hurriest on in ceaseless flight,
I stand and commune with my soul
Whence cam'st thou forth? where lies thy goal?

The rock's dark bosom erst I left,
Through stone and moss my way I cleft,
Now, mirror-like, my waves express
Heav'n's own reflected loveliness.

So on, still on, with spirit gay,
Not knowing where, I haste away:
For surely HE will be my guide
Who called me from the mountain-side.

August 1890.

A QUATRAIN

David war ein braver Mann,
Wenn er übles was gethan
Sang er fromme Psalmen dann,
Und das hat er oft gethan.

Anon.

David was a canny wight,
When he did what wasn't right
He would a pious psalm indite,
And so he often had to write.

1896.

INSCRIPTIONS, Etc.

INSCRIPTIONS FOR CHURCH BELLS

1.

In laudem Domini canto clangore metalli.

2.

Grex fidus coeat quum vox mea ahenea clamat.

3.

Congrego vos, sancti ; sonitu parete vocanti.

4.

Ad sacra invito, qui vult audire, venito.

5.

Cum moritur sanctus, fundo sub funere planctus.

6.

Concelebro scitè popularis gaudia vitæ.

7.

Per lætas horas quatio tinnitibus auras.

8.

Gratulor ex turri sociatis lege jugali.

September 1896.

TO G. H. R.

With a Breast-pin (Swallow)

In acknowledgment of the Dedication of the Music of the "Swallows" Song

Accept this trifling meed of thanks
For the musician's art,
And let it sometimes serve to keep
The Swallow near your heart.

December 1894.

MRS. GREVILLE

Silent in death the voice, whose plastic tones
Gave being to the airy shapes of thought,
And with a power "beyond the reach of art"
Shed a new energy through noble words.
E'en now, methinks, I hear the warrior-maid,[1]
Who, God-inspired, gave herself for France,
Pour forth her soul in passionate earnestness.
Before my eyes the grim old seaman fights[2]
Unconquer'd in defeat, and scorning death
To keep his country's honour still unsullied.
Her voice is silent now, silent awhile,
But there's a mighty Hand can loose the string
That ties her tongue and give it utterance
Of more than earthly power to praise its God.

May 1882.

[1] Joan of Arc, in Ponsard's tragedy.
[2] Sir Richard Grenville, in Tennyson's poem "The Revenge."

ERIC

E'EN while he lingered on the shore
Ready to face the ocean's roar,
Jesus, his Master, called him home,
Called, and the answer was, "I come."

March 1, 1894.

IN MEMORIAM

Some memories perish—some the flight of years
Makes still more sacred and still more endears.

Memorials perish—love can never die,
It knows no limit but eternity.

November 26, 1901.

A LAUREL WREATH

Tertia donatur viridi victoria lauru :
Sic careat nullis laudibus ista domus.

A laurel wreath, your thrice-gained victory's crown :
So may you flourish with still fresh renown.

Pageites, *November* 24, 1881.

AD CHORUM CARTHUSIANUM

Verenter Voce Jubiles
Orationes Recites,
Confessionem Afferas,
Grates Agendo Diffluas.

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Curavit Ad Gloriam Auctiorem DEI.

A.D. VII CAL. DECEMBRES MDCCCLXXXVIII.

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UT RERUM A FRATRIBUS SUIS
ET IN AFRICA ET IN AGRO SINENSI NUPERRIME
GESTARUM MEMORIA IN PERPETUUM
SERVARETUR HOC POCULUM
D.D.
REGINALDUS J.N. ET LIONELLUS J.N. NEVILLE
IN HONOREM MILITUM CARTHUSIANORUM
CUM SOSPITUM TUM VULNERIBUS
AUT TABE CONFECTORUM.
prid. Id. Decembr. MDCCCCI.

ΤΟΥ ΕΡΑΝΟΥ ΓΑΡ ΜΟΙ ΜΕΤΕΣΤΙ ΚΑΙ ΓΑΡ
ΑΝΔΡΑΣ ΕΙΣΦΕΡΩ.

FLOREAT ÆTERNUM CARTHUSIANA
DOMUS

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